AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR HOMES

INTRODUCTION BY

FRANCIS WHITING HALSEY

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American Authors
&
Their Homes

Note

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American Authors and Their Homes

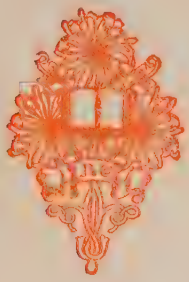
Personal Descriptions & Interviews

Edited with an
Introduction and Additions

By

FRANCIS WHITING HALSEY

Eighteen Illustrations



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Preface

IT has not seemed practicable to attach to these articles the names of those who originally wrote them, so many changes and such material additions, due to new conditions, have been made by the editor.

A few of the articles are reprinted as they were written; for example, the one on Joaquin Miller, by George Hamlin Fitch, the literary editor of the San Francisco Chronicle; the one on Thomas Nelson Page, by William Wallace Whitelock, and those on John Burroughs and Henry M. Alden, by Ernest Ingersoll, the naturalist, who is Mr. Burroughs's neighbor and has often been Mr. Alden's contributor; but others, like the one on Edmund Clarence Stedman, by Henri Pène DuBois, the one on Henry van Dyke, by Stanhope Sams, those on Paul Leicester Ford and Frank R. Stockton, by Cromwell Childe, and most others, have been so radically altered because of the re-

moval of authors to homes elsewhere, as well as for other new and imperative causes, that to undertake to give the names would involve specifications as to where a contributor's work ended and the editor's began, which would seem to be an act of supererogation.

The editor has prepared for each sketch a list of the author's better-known books, with the dates of their original publication. In some cases the lists are nearly complete, but in others, notably Mr. Howells and Mr. Stockton, scarcely half the total number of works is given. In a volume of this character anything approaching a full bibliography would seem to be quite out of place. Readers seeking further titles may find them in Allibone (the Supplement comes down to 1891) and in the catalogues of publishers.

While each paper treats of a separate and distinct topic, within clearly defined limits, the editor has thought it would be well for him to prepare an analytical index, in order that the range of subjects touched upon might become more apparent and references to them be made easy.

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Introduction

The Author and His Home

Poe's Cottage in Fordham.

Introduction

The Author and His Home

THE changes which have occurred in economic conditions in this country during the past fifty years, while producing many interesting results, have led to none more gratifying than the improvement brought about in the worldly state of the author. An enlargement in individual incomes has probably occurred in most walks of life, but with the author the improvement has probably been more striking than in any other of the so-called learned professions. Not only does Grub Street belong to a very remote past, but even a hall bedroom seems now to suggest conditions that have forever ceased to exist. The pictures which illustrate this volume will forcibly remind the reader of this improvement. Here is seen the cottage which, fifty odd years ago, was the home of Edgar Allan Poe. Following it are pictures showing houses in which authors dwell to-day.

At the top of a steep hillside, along whose crest runs an ancient highway called the Kings-

bridge Road, and at a point distant perhaps half a mile eastward from Jerome Avenue, on which runs a trolley to and beyond the gates of Woodlawn Cemetery, still stands in Fordham, in primal simplicity, the cottage of Poe. It is quite the humblest dwelling, old or new, in all that neighborhood. Beneath its roof when writing "The Bells," "The Cask of Amontillado," "Eureka," some of the "Marginalia," and other papers, this gifted man of letters found his home from the spring of 1846 until his death in October, 1849. "Although at the best, a mean dwelling," says Mr. Woodberry, his biographer, "it was the pleasantest retreat he had known." Mr. Woodberry describes the interior—

> Within on the ground floor were two small apartments, a kitchen and sitting-room, and above up a narrow stairway two others, one, Poe's room, a low, cramped chamber lighted by little square windows like port-holes, the other a diminutive closet of a bedroom, hardly large enough to lie down in. The furniture was of the simplest: in the clean, white-floored kitchen were a table, a chair, and a little stove, and in the other room, which was laid with checked matting, were only a light stand with presentation volumes of the Brownings upon it, some hanging shelves with a few other books ranged on them, and four chairs.

Friends called on him and found him anxious over the one great trouble of his poverty, or inspirited by the compliment of a letter from Mrs. Browning, or endeavoring to distract his mind with his pets—a bobolink he had caught and caged, or a parrot someone had given him, or his favorite cat.

When Poe went to Fordham, he was already famous, not only in his own land, but across the sea. In the autumn following his arrival, his tales had been the subject of an extended and laudatory article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Rival newspapers in Paris had been engaged in legal proceedings as to their rights to "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." Several other of his best stories at the same time had found a French translator. But in spite of this recognition and fame, Poe was miserably poor. Friends on one occasion had privately raised for him the sum of $60, and on another, New York newspapers had publicly secured $100. His wife, whom he adored, meanwhile was dying in this cottage at Fordham, and here is an eyewitness's description of the bed on which she lay :

There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but a snow-white counterpane and sheet. The weather was cold and the sick lady had the

dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed wrapped in her husband's greatcoat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hand and her mother her feet. Mrs. Clemm was passionately fond of her daughter, and her distress on account of her illness and poverty and misery was dreadful to see.

Poe's greatcoat, which thus had kept his wife warm, was a military garment. It served to cover his own frame early in February, 1847, when, with a few friends attending him, he followed his wife's body to its burial-place. In the following winter Poe was writing "Eureka;" and "night after night in the coldest weather," says Mr. Woodberry, "he would wrap himself in this great military coat and pace the little veranda of the cottage, through long hours of solitary meditation, elaborating thought by thought his theory of the eternal secret."

In those dreary scenes was to be observed something of the deepest pathos in human life. Other times have brought upon the scenes other authors—poets some of these, essayists some, story-tellers others, but none gifted as was Poe in all three forms of composition; few, indeed,

gifted as was he in any one of them. Our living authors often dwell in what are called cottages, but they are not of the Fordham type. They are houses, spacious in dimensions, with lands about them that are to be described in acres, a stable in the rear, and not infrequently a coachman in attendance.

Fame and a great following of readers have brought rewards somewhat adequate to performances. It is not fame for many authors of the kind that Poe secured, for his still increases with the years and must long endure, but theirs is certainly wider in their own lifetime than ever his was. In the number of readers Poe has been far, very far, outdone, simply because of the enormous increase in the people who now read books.

Not only has the author in our day acquired a home commensurate in its dignity with his importance in the world, but his personal rank among the professional men of his time has otherwise risen. He no longer foregathers with his fellows in a Broadway basement as did the good men and brave of forty years ago at Pfaff's. He has real and substantial social distinction. He makes addresses at college commencements, lectures or gives readings from

Maine to California, and presides at great public dinners where an ex-President of the United States may be seated on his right and the Bishop of New York on his left. He has successfully passed the familiar test of membership in the best clubs of the great city, and even that final test in clubland—membership in the Century, where some score of his guild do gather.

Indeed, the author has a club all his own, prosperous and well housed, to which no man can enter except he be an author in good repute. Within the walls of that club he has bestowed the honors of a reception upon men whose names are familiar to all ears—men who were just going out as ambassadors to the Porte, to the German Empire, to the French Republic, and to the Court of St. James's. There also he has gathered all that possesses national distinction in the world of literature, to attend receptions to Mr. Stedman and Mr. Stockton, to Matthew Arnold and Frederic Harrison. He has originated a dinner to one of his own guild at the most palatial club-house in New York, and the throng which came together to honor Mr. Mabie embraced rank and distinction, not only in the world of letters, but in those of law and finance, of commerce and journalism, of medi-

cine and the bench, of publishing and printing. No men of any class, indeed, are more welcome than his class within walls where festive gatherings assemble. Millionnaires give him homage, and Mr. Carnegie, one of the chief magnates among them all, must have had in mind the author's mental resources for idle hours when he lamented that rich men in this country have so much to retire from and so little to retire to.

The causes for these improved conditions for the author are not far to seek. Our American world in the thirties and forties was a very small world, confined to this side of the Mississippi, with Chicago a mere village and men just beginning to build railroads beyond the Alleghenies and the Ohio. Not only has our population more than trebled since 1840, but the wide influence of education has raised up thousands of readers where in Poe's time existed a hundred, so that a single popular novel finds in one year more readers than all Poe's books acquired during his entire lifetime.

International copyright has been another factor to be reckoned with. It is no longer possible to reprint in this country, in cheap form and without royalties, the writings of popular English authors and thus to supply the public with

the great bulk of its reading from abroad, to the detriment of American authors, to whom royalties would have to be paid. In the past ten years much greater demands, accordingly, have existed for American writings, while the sales of English books have correspondingly declined.

Coincident with these circumstances, and largely because of them, has been the growth of periodical literature, with its enormous influence in popularizing books and creating markets for authors' wares. Among the pitiful struggles of Poe was none more pitiful than his repeated attempts, and as frequent failures, to establish or maintain periodicals. Tasks that have since succeeded again and again would have been impossible to anyone in his day. Of all our current popular magazines—and the number is legion—not one, I believe, dates back to the last years of Poe's life, and the most of them have come into being since the Civil War.

With this development has occurred a very marked concentration of literary and publishing activity in one centre—New York. To New York more and more have drifted the great publishing industries of the whole country. Here, houses that were formerly small, have grown to be large ones; here have settled

houses from other cities, either with branches or coming bag and baggage, and here have been founded new and prosperous ones. Indeed, here are to be seen branches of many famous London houses. And they all desire manuscripts from which to make new books.

And so it has followed that in New York, or within easy reach of the New York publishers, dwell, for at least part of the year, nearly all the writers who to-day are prominent in literature, and who, as an eminent publisher has remarked, enable the men of his calling "to feed the hopper." Mr. Aldrich remains in Boston an almost solitary figure. Now that John Fiske has died, he and Edward Everett Hale are indeed solitary, in so far as we may look for others of the same rank or of equal achievements—a striking change since the time of Poe, when to Boston and its environs belonged Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Thoreau, Prescott, and Holmes.

In these facts we find the sources of those enlarged incomes for authors which have made cottages like Poe's unknown in our day as homes for gifted men of letters. In its place have risen edifices which to Poe would have been palaces, and which, to any man moderately

ambitious, ought to afford space, shelter, and comfort ample for all his needs.

Let no man begrudge to authors their better material rewards. No class of men among our toiling millions ever earned money more honestly. None has labored more zealously, more disinterestedly, more patiently, or to nobler uses. Not through what we call fortunate circumstances, not through influential friends, not through what the law gave them, not by knowing how to use the brains of other men, have authors won success in the world. There never was a republic or a democracy so pure, so elemental, as this one of letters. It is a fair field and there are absolutely no favors. It is always the best man who wins, and he wins or loses by his own acts, and none can help him otherwise.

And yet if we have regard for relative things, the pecuniary rewards even now of successful authors would seem unduly small. None surely has ever yet from his own writings risen to be a millionnaire. None has risen even to the rank of what I may call opulent independence. They toil all their days and so must toil—for subsistence. Their accumulations, when they have made any, scarcely ever would suffice to

maintain them in the scale of living to which they have risen. They must constantly keep on earning in order to dwell in these better homes.

From the law greater incomes constantly are derived, and so from the engineering professions, from the medical and the ministerial. The authors in this country whose incomes from their books alone have risen to an average of $5,000 for a score of years, probably number less than a hundred. The lawyers, doctors, engineers, ministers, whose incomes have reached that sum, probably, in each class would number at least a thousand. This disparity we should not trouble ourselves to deplore, in the hope of correcting. It is the result of remorseless conditions, immovable now and probably permanent.

For at least a hundred years books have been about the cheapest things that men can buy. Few cost more than a pair of gloves, a ticket to the theatre, or a handful of cigars. It is well that these things are so, since whatever makes for man's spiritual welfare should be easily procured. But it is essentially at the author's expense that these conditions exist. The author may spend a year or more in writing a book

from which his income will scarcely equal the charge which a skilled surgeon or a corporation lawyer may make for a few hours of work. Corporations with a volume of business rising to many millions a year clearly can and will pay more for professional services than a public which probably never buys from any one publisher's "trade list" enough books in a year to swell the volume of transactions to more than one million dollars. These inexorable facts must account for the inequalities in professional rewards. It is not a question of the importance of the services rendered or the talents which render them. It is purely an economic question, and economic laws are stubborn.

But of other rewards what a store have not been gathered in by men who write books that live—rewards impossible to all other forms of success among men. Even now the generation of school-children who learn, and who will remember to their dying day, the weird music of "The Raven" and "The Bells" cannot tell who were our Presidents when Poe wrote those words, any more than they can tell who was Prime Minister of England when Charlotte Brontë wrote "Jane Eyre"—cannot tell and do not care.

Among the authors included in this volume are men whose writings will long delight a public that has grown indifferent to old campaigns for the Presidency, to the war with Spain, and to gossip about millionnaires. The lawyer's fame, meanwhile, will perish, being as ephemeral as the actor's, and perhaps more so; it will be enshrined in reports and be known, when known at all, to his successors in the profession only. Of engineers, physicians, and preachers it is ever the same. But the author who writes books which the world will not let die achieves the most certain immortality it is possible to gain. If he seldom achieves financial independence, he acquires something to him worth more —security against speedy oblivion.

Another reward, and not the least agreeable to him while he lives, is the personal relation he is made to feel that he bears toward his readers. It is true that a personal relation arises in all professional occupations—something closer and more friendly than trade can bestow; but with authors, those persons with whom it is enjoyed compose a far larger company; they are usually persons whom the author has never met; something of the relation will remain until his death and so long thereafter, in fact, as his books are

read. It is the biographies of authors, uneventful as are the lives of authors, that become the most widely read of all personal records; when written by a Boswell, more widely read than the author's own books, and hence the constant interest the reading public has in the daily pursuits of authors, their methods of work, and their homes.

This experience, in the absence of larger pecuniary rewards, may be accepted as compensation rich enough. Clearly it is one form of gratitude, and perhaps gratitude never shows its face in form more sincere—this gratitude for several delightful hours, obtained for the price of a pair of gloves, or for less, through a subscription at the library; a gratitude responding to those who, by their writings and for a modest pecuniary recompense, have spread learning, developed culture, consoled sorrow, and assuaged pain.

FRANCIS W. HALSEY.

Richard Henry Stoddard

In East Fifteenth Street, New York

BY MR. STODDARD

Born in 1825 in Hingham, Mass.

Poems. 1852.
Adventures in Fairy-Land. A book for young people. 1853.
Songs of Summer. 1857.
The King's Bell. 1862.
Abraham Lincoln: An Horatian Ode. 1865.
The Book of the East, and Other Poems. 1871.
The Bric-à-Brac Series. [Editor of] Ten vols. 1874–76.
Anecdote Biography of Shelley. 1876.
Poems. [Complete Edition.] 1880.
The Lion's Cub, and Other Verses. 1890.
Under the Evening Lamp. [Prose essays.] 1892.

Mr. Stoddard in his Home.

I

Richard Henry Stoddard

In East Fifteenth Street, New York

EVEN among those who know their New York, there are many to whom the neighborhood of Stuyvesant Square is not familiar. For anyone who prefers the old to the new, it is, however, one of the most attractive parts of the city. The past quarter of a century has touched it lightly; indeed, there are standing not a few landmarks of the town of fifty years ago. On the corner of Fourteenth Street and Second Avenue is the house where William M. Evarts long lived and recently died. Not far away, the families of Fish, Rutherford, Stuyvesant, and De Voe still live. Richard Grant White dwelt for a time in Stuyvesant Square, and several well-known artists have had homes and studios in that neighborhood.

Gramercy Park itself is not more than a few blocks distant, though a little more modern. This park has always been a favorite with literary people, not only those who frequent The Players, but with others—for example, W. D.

Howells, who once had a house in that locality. It has had its charm, too, for Samuel J. Tilden, Cyrus W. Field, Abram S. Hewitt, Spencer Trask, and John Bigelow. Before going to the house to which we are bound, if we walk down Second Avenue to Tenth Street, we may note St. Mark's Church, in which rest the bones of Peter Stuyvesant, who in dim Colonial days built a chapel on the very site now occupied by the church. At the corner of Eleventh Street is the New York Historical Society, with its fine collection of books, portraits, and manuscripts, housed in a building which has stood for fifty years. Returning to Stuyvesant Square, we may see the famous St. George's Church, a noble edifice now bereft of its twin steeples, but still offering contrast with the old Friends' Meeting-House, standing close at hand.

It is a pleasant, old-fashioned, remote, and altogether quiet region, in which cable cars and telephone wires almost seem anachronisms. It is, and it is not, the East Side. When at last we have reached the object of our pilgrimage, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Henry Stoddard, we have in part reconstructed in our minds the New York of two generations ago. On the

north side of East Fifteenth Street, at No. 329, not far from the southeast corner of Stuyvesant Square, these two writers for more than twenty-five years have had their dwelling-place. The house is one of a row of three-story brick edifices, with a covered veranda along the front.

This quiet home is within a short distance of the busiest part of New York, and yet the street is as secluded as those of small suburban towns. At the left of the hall one enters a large room, not exactly library and not exactly parlor. It has bookcases as well as easy-chairs, bric-à-brac, and pictures. An unmistakable womanly touch seen in the arrangements makes the visitor at once feel at home.

Over the mantel hangs a full-length oil portrait of an officer in uniform, Colonel Wilson Barstow, a brother of Mrs. Stoddard, who was on General John A. Dix's staff. Opposite is T. W. Wood's portrait of Mr. Stoddard. Here, also, are paintings by Sanford Gifford, Eastman Johnson, Bierstadt, Smillie, and many others. One small landscape, a view near Mattopoisett, was a gift from Bayard Taylor. Alexander Laurie's noble head of Mr. Stoddard is also seen. In the lower room hangs one or two paintings by Lorimer Stoddard, the playwright,

a son of these parents who, like the son of the Brownings, has artistic talent also. Through the half-drawn portière the visitor has a glimpse of the dining-room beyond, with its old-fashioned furniture and open fireplace.

The poet's study, on the second story, is a genuine workshop. Here, in an easy-chair before the open fire, Mr. Stoddard may be found on almost any winter morning, with Mrs. Stoddard reading or writing at the quaint old desk between the windows. The apartment is an ordinary square room, made more spacious and more attractive by a deep alcove, in which stands a large bookcase. Other bookcases are seen in the room, and almost every inch of exposed wall-space is covered with framed etchings, photographs, and other pictures having some personal association. Under a copy of Lawrence's portrait of Thackeray hangs an autograph of the great English writer. A fine etching of Victor Hugo is accompanied also by an autograph. Over the mantel hangs a rare print of Blake's "Canterbury Pilgrimage," and near by an etched portrait of Edmund Clarence Stedman, one of Stoddard's best-loved friends. A series of photographs in one frame shows Lorimer Stoddard in the costumes of parts in

which he has acted. The success of Lorimer Stoddard's dramatization of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and still later his dramatization of Crawford's "In the Palace of the King," are still fresh in many minds.

Wherever the eye falls in this pleasant room, with its old-time air and comfortable furnishings, there is something characteristic to be seen. We need not wait for Mr. Stoddard to say he prefers old poets to new, for we recognize in bookcases the old English poets, with names faintly lettered on black or brown backs, and the later ones in the familiar blue and gold of a generation ago. Mr. Stoddard's collection of old poets has often been consulted by those who have made a special study of them.

Many volumes are first editions, such as Drayton's poems of 1619 and Milton's of 1645. Many have belonged to famous men like Waller, Gray, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Coleridge, Keats, Wordsworth, Lamb, Southey, and Byron. Mr. Stoddard has a lock of hair from Milton's head, the genuineness of which is undisputed, and a lock of the hair of Washington. Of manuscripts and autographs, he has specimens from Shenstone, Burns, Cowper, Sheridan, Southey, Scott, Moore, Campbell, Dickens,

Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Taylor, Irving, the Brownings, and Whittier.

These masters of literature in the bookcases emphasize the enthusiasm with which Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard speak of their favorite authors. We recall many of Mr. Stoddard's appreciations in "Under the Evening Lamp," as well as his admirable critique on Burns in the "Library of the World's Best Literature." As we listen to Mrs. Stoddard expressing her fondness for Scott and Miss Austen, we remember that it was one of the joys of her girlhood to browse in the library of the Rev. Thomas Robbins at her Massachusetts home, where she had access to the old English classics. When we look at the heaps of new books on the tables, we realize that few men of Mr. Stoddard's age have kept themselves so thoroughly in touch with the new as well as the old.

The personal reminiscences which he is writing, and the critical department which he has conducted for years in a leading New York journal, speak forcibly of Mr. Stoddard's present activity. For many years he has devoted himself to work with great regularity, being engaged four or five hours during the day. He is a believer in night-work, but semi-blindness from cataract in later years has obliged him to alter his

habits. In reading his writings we realize how little the inner vision has been impaired, while his conversation shows him keen-sighted as ever.

It is a long time since Mr. Stoddard's first printed poem appeared in *The Rover*, then under the editorship of Seba Smith. Stern necessity in early youth after his father's death at sea, obliged him to take up occupations far from congenial. It was a fortunate chance, perhaps, that took the mother and son to New York. Bayard Taylor was the first literary friend of his own age whom he made. The friendship of these two continued strong until the last. Mr. Stoddard was twenty-eight years old and already married, when, through Nathaniel Hawthorne's influence with Franklin Pierce, he received an appointment in the New York Custom-House, which he held for seventeen years. Editorial and other duties have kept him in the city ever since, although with genuine feeling he has said :

> Me whom the city holds, whose feet
> Have worn its stony highways,
> Familiar with its loneliest street—
> Its ways were never my ways.
> My cradle was beside the sea,
> And there I hope my grave will be.

Hingham, the birthplace of Mr. Stoddard, is still one of the most attractive of Massachusetts seaport towns, and it is an interesting fact that, though Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard met first in New York, the latter also claims a Massachusetts town — Mattapoisett—as her birthplace and early home. Mrs. Stoddard was long a contributor to *Putnam's Magazine* and to *Harper's Monthly* from its earliest numbers. Her three novels, "Two Men," "Temple House," and "The Morgesons," are strong in characterization and wonderfully fine portrayals of New England life. A new edition came out only a few years ago, and another is now in preparation. "The Morgesons" is particularly valuable, for, though it may not be entirely autobiographic, it is so to a large extent. When Mrs. Stoddard's scattered poems were collected in a volume a few years ago, they received high praise.

Mrs. Stoddard is devoted to her home, and still finds love of books a great resource. She would rather read the old than the modern poets. She is not fond of women's clubs, although her views on most subjects are broad and progressive, and her conversation shows the cultured mind that has made her friendship valuable to men of letters and her companionship precious

to her husband. So thoroughly abreast of the times have Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard kept themselves that to call them "venerable" seems almost a misapplication of terms. It is probably true, however, of them as of others, that

> There are gains for all our losses,
> There's a balm for every pain,
> But when Youth, the dream departs,
> It takes something from our hearts,
> And it never comes again.

In spite of these lines, Mr. Stoddard would probably admit that age possesses many charms that do not belong to youth. The poem in which they occur, "Youth and Age," is to many the most representative of all Mr. Stoddard's lines. One of his other famous poems is "Abraham Lincoln," which he has called an "Horatian ode." It was struck off at white heat just after Lincoln's death. Its noble lines have held their place to the present.

Mr. Stoddard has a fine prose style. Much of his best work is found in his collected essays, and in introductions to many books he has edited—Poe and Swinburne, and volumes of selections from English writers. As a poet it will be long before any shall successfully dispute his place as our leading lyrist.

John Burroughs

In West Park-on-the-Hudson

BY MR. BURROUGHS

Born in 1837 in Roxbury, N. Y.

Wake Robin. 1871.
Winter Sunshine. 1876.
Birds and Poets, with Other Papers. 1877.
Locusts and Wild Honey. 1879.
Pepacton : Notes of a Walker. 1881.
Fresh Fields. 1884.
Signs and Seasons. 1886.
Indoor Studies. 1889.
Riverby. 1894.
Whitman : A Study. 1896.
The Light of Day. 1898.
Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers. 1900.

"Slabsides," Mr. Burroughs's Summer Home.

II

John Burroughs

In West Park-on-the-Hudson

JOHN BURROUGHS "at home" may be in either of two places, but they are not far apart. When some twenty-five years ago Mr. Burroughs quitted Washington, he purchased a farm of about a dozen acres, now increased to twenty, on the high western bank of the Hudson, opposite Hyde Park, in a district then inhabited by the Astors and now called West Park. His object in settling here was not only to get into a congenial region, but into one favorable to fruit-growing, and his first care was to plant a great vineyard on the riverward slope of the hill and to lay the foundations of a house built of bluestone, quarried near by, which is now one of the ornaments of the river.

A large part of it was the work of the owner's hands, as it is pleasant to think a homestead should be. A semi-circular driveway leads from the vine-draped entrance to the old Albany turnpike that bounds the property on the west, and about the rear and more familiar side of the house lies a great orchard, between whose trunks and

foliage one catches glimpses of the river, the palatial country-seats of Hyde Park, and the Duchess Hills beyond.

To profit by the inspiration of this picture, with its singular and suggestive blending of rustic quiet and the world's activities as displayed by the ever-moving panorama of the Hudson, and also to secure privacy for himself and his cronies, Mr. Burroughs afterward built on the brow of the slope a small study sheathed with chestnut bark, whose inner walls are covered with books, except where the fireplace offers its good cheer; but from these books—so miscellaneous and diverse are they—it would be impossible to say what was the especial bent of the owner, for never did writer use his books as tools less than this one. In this cozy retreat have been penned some of the sweetest of our author's essays on outdoor themes and some of the most effective of his critical articles.

"Fresh Fields" was the first of his books to be made there—the fifth in a series that began with "Wake Robin." This latter was a book that to me (as a typical reader) was like a cup of water to a thirsty mind. I was a boy in a Western town, ardently interested in animal life, especially birds, but without companionship

in this pursuit, and owning only a single book of reference, when I chanced upon "Wake Robin." The beauty of its style appealed to me, of course, in an unconscious sort of way, but it was as information that I took and valued it. It seemed to me that the author must have grown up in the woods much as I was doing, for I felt a kinship with him that must arise from a similar mental experience.

This was largely true. Born on a farm in the beautiful region west of the Catskills, the chance sight of an unusual and brilliant bird arrested Burroughs's attention and set him studying the creatures themselves, for books then were unattainable. This has remained the characteristic of the man's knowledge of Nature —what he has seen, not what he has read. Books of zoology fill the smallest shelf in his library, and they relate to the local fauna. He finds all the material he wants close at hand, and his method of utilizing it calls for little consultation of "authorities" or cabinets. He is never concerned about making contributions to science, directing his attention rather to the poetic and moral aspects of the incident—the human relations it possesses.

It was natural enough that his dominant

tastes and the influences of fresh knowledge should have made the first book from his pen distinctively one of facts from the woods; but the very next one, "Winter Sunshine," showed a diversion toward more general themes, and in its successors this diversion has increased until the literary view has taken long precedence of the scientific.

Mr. Burroughs composes largely from notes and memoranda. An observation of some fact or incident met in his rambles or about the farm is immediately written down with the comments it suggests. Many of his magazine articles and subsequent book chapters, such as "Notes of a Walker," are simply these jottings strung together, and owe their verve and fragrance of the fields to their origin. Thus the actual preparation of a manuscript—Burroughs never dictates nor uses a typewriter—is rapid and sure. Another habit is that of filling the books he reads with marginal notes or pencilling upon the fly-leaves giving the total impression left upon his mind by the volume.

The beautiful home on the Hudson, which is named "Riverby," gives a title to one of Burroughs's books, and a commercial name to that more profitable branch of merchandise, his table

grapes. It is a good enough summer-home for Mrs. Burroughs and Julian, the only son, who has been educated at Harvard and seems to inherit the tastes and literary tendencies of his father. Mrs. Burroughs has never written for publication, and has no ambition to do so; but she is a woman of vigorous intellect and excellent judgment, whose comments have been of great value to her husband, especially in the earlier part of his career. His debt is greater, however, to her thrift and good management, opposing to the easy optimism of her husband an alert sense of the necessities of the future and of the proprieties of things.

As for housekeeping, the like of her's was never seen. Her kitchen and dining-room, looking out into the orchard, are like other folks' parlors for continuous, unblemished neatness, and woe to John, or you, or me, or any other thoughtless wight who disturbs their man-of-war tidiness and discipline.

This picturesque, well-ordered home is quite enough summer-resort for Mrs. Burroughs, but Mr. Burroughs likes something more camp-like for warm weather, where he may "lie round" when he feels like it, and give his guests that taste of the country in its wilder aspects which

everyone seems to expect of him. When, therefore, he took possession a few years ago of a tract of land behind the rocky hills that run parallel with the Hudson at West Park, and began to open it to cultivation, he also decided to build a summer-house, and this is the second of the two homes of which I spoke, and the one where he may usually be found from April to November.

The road to it takes a pleasant, roundabout course of a mile and a half through the woods, but when Burroughs is guide, one will probably be led over the short cut—a climb of several hundred feet up a rough path through the woods covering the ridge. It is a heart-breaking reception for many of his visitors, but as it is in keeping with their ideal they pretend to like it, and their host is grimly unobservant of their distress. It is the price of hero-worship. At the end one comes out suddenly upon a bowl-like depression, rimmed round by reefs and walls of blue-white rock, which on the east rise in brush-covered ledges to the crest of the Schaafenberg.

The bottom of the bowl was a bog overgrown with small woods until three years ago, when Burroughs and his men began to clear, drain,

and grub it out, and now it is an absolutely level area of black peat soil covered with celery-plants and onions. At its very edge, shielded from the east wind by overlooking cliffs, stands "Slabsides," a house built of stones culled from the near-by ledges and of timbers cut in the surrounding woods. It is covered with rough-barked slabs laid horizontally as if they were real logs, and has a broad, elevated porch, whose posts are rough cedar-trunks shrouded in growing vines. Into this house Mr. Burroughs put days and weeks of labor, with such help as he could get; but it is the massive chimney—rough stone outside and in—that is his special pride. Of this the present writer has said elsewhere:

> Few are the philosophers who could have done it, for the hardened muscles of a man familiar with outdoor work were needed to handle these heavy stones. . . . No wonder, then, that Mr. Burroughs talks with pride of his chimney and conjures up recollections of adventure with each old rock that faces him as he sits before a blazing fire, watching his black tea-kettle hissing on its crane, and the gnarled old peat roots consume into coals above the roasting potato from his dooryard patch. By the warmth and light of this great fire the inside of the house was finished by the writer's own hands—finished to suit himself. From the deep ravine at the head of the swamp he

brought dozens of large, straight sticks of the beautiful yellow birch, whose bark consists of thin, papery layers that are greenish-gray and silvery and golden and reddish, according to the light, and as lustrous as satin. Straight and smooth are these beautiful golden birches, and of their trunks, standing side by side, he built a partition, half hiding his birchwood bunk, a stairway to the capacious loft, and an ornamental mantel-shelf. Two sumachs, branching into tripods, were cut off and set upside down as legs for a study-table of plain boards, and out of curiously twisted stems and elbows from the woods were constructed a settee and other quaint bits of furniture.

Such is "Slabsides," and here in summer the master lives in carpetless ease and such bachelor comfort as he can provide for himself, carrying on his daily affairs and now and then accomplishing a few hours of literary work, but work is always cheerfully laid aside when visitors come — and when do they not? — men and women from distant corners of the country, friends from near by, picnic parties of young people from along the river, bands of school-teachers and student girls from Vassar College, slow-moving farm neighbors, redolent in person and speech of hay, celery, and fruit. Few authors have so many friends. His books seem to carry him into cordial relations with his

readers, and countless letters come from every part of the land expressing delight and gratitude, discussing facts or views, offering and asking information.

I am betraying no secret when I tell you that the most of these letters are from women. Burroughs has been called "a woman's author," and it is certain that more of his readers and admirers are of that sex than of the masculine. It is the nature articles, moreover, not the literary ones, that interest them. Why this marked and unsolicited homage by womankind should arise in this case is hard to explain, for as often as not the woman heard from with enthusiasm knows or cares little as to natural history. Is it that these delightful essays ask little of the intellect, but appeal to the senses, the emotions, the poetic, sensuous aspect of the world and the things that are in it? This amounts to saying that on the average women do not think and wish only to feel; and also that they intuitively detect in this writer a man sympathetic with them and their views—an epicure of the epicureans, who in his heart shuns exertion, hates facts, and is satisfied with passions and impressions. This is the part of a poet, not that of a naturalist.

And yet, notwithstanding this poetic susceptibility and his facility and refinement in composition, Mr. Burroughs has never printed but one poem that anybody remembers, but this is fast becoming familiar household verse wherever English is spoken. It is entitled "Waiting," and begins:

> Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
> Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea.

Published first in *The Knickerbocker* in 1862, it lay buried in that magazine until Whittier resurrected it and embalmed it in his "Songs of Three Centuries." This set the poem going, and it daily grows more popular. The verses are not remarkable for poetic merit, but they awaken a grateful response in the hearts of persons of a certain religious cast who no longer find comfort in the doctrines of their fathers as an expression of faith and confidence inherent in all thoughtful men. The Theosophists have made it one of their hymns, and it goes into most of the religious anthologies. It is interesting to recall that Burroughs's parents were old-school, or "Hard-Shell," Baptists, in whose creed predestination was a corner-stone and iron-clad Calvinism the bulwark, and this is the result

of their teaching as filtered through the mind of their more broadly visioned son—Calvinism sublimated.

To be able to entertain pilgrims interested in his individuality alone, where their coming would not be a tax upon his family, was one of the purposes in building "Slabsides," but a higher thought was to "get near to nature" in that most literal meaning of a phrase which has taken on a touch of cant recently.

Mr. Burroughs once confessed that he had grown tired of the Hudson, with its elegantly cliffed shores and smoothly gliding surface. "Everything in and about Riverby," he said, "is in 'good form,' and it is all too tame and domestic. The daintiness and trimness and self-consciousness of the landscape all along the river weary me. There is so little of the really human and living about it that a man who likes wild berries and weeds and a chance to take his coat and collar off in hot weather and get cool on the front porch when that happens to be the breezy place, gets perfectly sick of the whole villa side of rural civilization. I felt that I must go somewhere and get a reviving draught from nature's breast and forget confectionery, and so I came to

this rock-girt swamp, where I am face to face with something savage unhacknied and elemental."

As a matter of fact, Burroughs does not like civilization, largely because of its troublesomeness in the way of conventions and restraints. He enjoys travelling about to see his friends in New York and other cities (and it is noteworthy that almost all his friends are citizens of great towns), but the ordinary attractions and amusements of the city beckon to him in vain. He doesn't own a "dress suit," and does not wish to, and simply would not enjoy the sort of sociability in which one is required. No man was ever more sociable, but ceremonies and late hours, and the eating and drinking of fancy things are no part of his notions of enjoyment. Hence he is rarely seen after dark in any city, save in some quiet back parlor, where one may talk and smoke—but Burroughs does not even smoke!

Mr. Burroughs is, in fact, a true, consistent, and natural democrat. I never saw but one man to whom his demeanor was in the least different, so far as I could perceive, from that with which he greeted his farmer neighbors or city friends, and I have seen him when Ralph

Waldo Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes and Julia Ward Howe and a score of other revered men and women were in the same room; and this exception was a man who might have been Burroughs's running mate—John Muir of California! He is a Democrat in politics, also—a Cleveland man, a free-trader, a tremendous hater of monopolies and trusts, and came so near voting for Bryan that if he escaped at all it was only because he could not quite take the silver medicine for the social ills we find so many and so noxious. That was a little too much for a man who spent his earlier years in charge of the Government bureau for the organization of National banks!

Mr. Burroughs has at least three more books in mind to be added to the beautifully made, uniform Riverside Edition of his works, now numbering ten volumes. He is still vigorous in body as well as mind, and is likely to be heard from for many years to come. During the present year he has contributed many nature poems to the leading magazines.

Henry van Dyke

In Princeton, N. J.

BY DR. VAN DYKE

Born in 1852 in Germantown, Pa.

The Reality of Religion. 1884.
The Poetry of Tennyson. 1889.
Sermons to Young Men. 1893.
The Christ-Child in Art. 1894.
Little Rivers. 1895.
The Story of the Other Wise Man. 1896.
The First Christmas Tree. 1897.
The Builders, and Other Poems. 1897.
The Lost Word. 1898.
Fisherman's Luck. 1899.
The Toiling of Felix, and Other Poems. 1900.
The Ruling Passion. 1901.

A Corner in Dr. van Dyke's Library.

III

Henry van Dyke

In Princeton, N. J.

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE lives in an intellectual atmosphere largely of his own choosing and his own creation. The power to do this is becoming rare in an age that accepts the new scientific gospel of heredity, both as a faith and as a limitation of life. High thinking, which is independent thinking, is one of the things which have been lost with the "homely beauty of the old cause"; but Dr. van Dyke has preserved his mental freedom, and is neither a "product" nor a disciple. In an era of formula, he has wrought out his own system of philosophy and his own intellectual ideals.

His life, for more than twenty years, has been clearly divided into two well-defined and almost equal parts, although the same purpose lies at the foundation of both. He has been known both as a clergyman and a scholar, but he was neither a pedant in his pulpit nor a preacher in his books, and now he is Professor of English Literature in Princeton University. The

scholar's half of his life has been spent in labor among his books—poems, stories, essays, philosophies, and breezy, wholesome, inspiring volumes on travel and sport—that are sheltered in his library at Princeton, where, somewhat more than a year ago, he became a professor.

Here, of course, went his library, his papers, his literary accumulations all, when he departed from what he called the "Manse," that house in East Thirty-seventh Street occupied by him while pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church. In his pastoral days the clerical half of Dr. van Dyke's time, at least its workshop part, was passed in the company of the Fathers and of erudite commentators, in the snug library behind the church.

Avalon, Dr. van Dyke's Princeton home, lies only a step from the main thoroughfare of that university town. Across the road from the hedge that guards the lawn, stands the home of Grover Cleveland, and from the semi-circular porch jutting out from the piazza through which one passes to enter, are seen the roofs and towers of the University, scarcely more than gun-shot away. It is an edifice of Colonial design and Colonial date, its erection going five

years back of the fight at Lexington, and a plot ample in acreage surrounds it. After purchasing it, Dr. van Dyke made considerable repairs and improvements to the house, both outside and in, so that one scarcely understands at first that it has come down from a time so early. The great elm which shades the front terrace is more than ninety years old, and spreads its branches over 100 feet.

A wide and full-length hall is entered from the porch, with the winding stairway at the farther end. From the right one enters the parlor, a room of spacious proportions; and adjoining this is the dining-room. From the hall on the left a doorway leads into the library, to which has been accorded the entire width of that end of the structure — a room forty feet long, warmed by a fireplace framed in with the original Colonial mantel, with bookcases set along the walls, here and there in the form of alcoves, a great table at one side from the centre, an ample sofa near the fireplace; and opening out from beyond the table, where steps rise to a platform, is a sun-parlor, from which one goes to the study, an apartment so concealed, even in the entrance to it, that no stranger ever would suspect its existence—and in which, except to

his secretary and the most favored friends, Dr. van Dyke is never at home.

When some favored visitor has gone down to Princeton for a night at Avalon, he will probably arrive in time for a drive with Dr. van Dyke through the University grounds and to the battle-field a few miles away. On returning he will find himself again in this library with a cigar at his disposal before dressing for dinner. Later on, when he has descended the stairway, prandially attired, and is once more seated before the fireplace, the door will softly open and in the subdued light will appear a gracious figure, not as he has known her in books, but arrayed for festive hours, though still the same, "My Lady Greygown."

Tennyson is the first thought that comes into mind upon entering the library, which is a storehouse of Tennyson treasures and of laureate memories. Carved in white marble, the great crowned singer, from a point between the large windows, looks kindly down upon you and upon rows of books in many mahogany cases and alcoves—that noble face, which looks, as Tennyson said of Milton's, "like a seraph strong." Many of these books have a peculiar charm from having been held in the hands of the

master himself. There, too, are all the volumes of which Tennyson has been the prolific cause, for he was not only fruitful in himself, but was "the cause that" fruitfulness "is in other men." Among these is the volume of essays with which Dr. van Dyke has indissolubly joined his own name to that of England's famous laureate, who, like his predecessor in the same office, "uttered nothing base."

But Tennyson is not the only thought that rises here, nor the last. There are other treasures and other life. This scholar has labored in many fields and has forged many ideals in various intellectual workshops. A dozen volumes reveal the fecundity of his own mind. The range of subjects shows that if in early life he hitched his literary wagon to a star, he has not been content to make this his only claim to recognition. If it can be said that Tennyson helped him in making his early career, it can be said as truthfully that Dr. van Dyke has more than requited this by services which have made the laureate's claim more enduring, for they have led to a better understanding and deeper appreciation of his poetry.

Dr. van Dyke has written several books on religious subjects—"The Reality of Religion,"

"The Story of the Psalms," "Sermons to Young Men," "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt," "The Christ-Child in Art." But his best known work is in books that belong distinctly to literature. These latter are "The Poetry of Tennyson," "Little Rivers," "The Story of the Other Wise Man," "The Lost Word," "The First Christmas Tree," two volumes of verse entitled "The Builders," and "The Toiling of Felix," and that latest, already famous volume, "Fisherman's Luck."

"Little Rivers" is, in truth, the harvest of many an angling. On its title-page the author has placed Colonel Robert Venable's saying concerning the Experienced Angler, that "suppose he take nothing, yet he enjoyeth a delightful walk by pleasant Rivers, in sweet Pastures, amongst odoriferous Flowers, which gratifie his senses and delight his Mind," and has added Robert Louis Stevenson's sentiment, "There is no music like a little river's."

The doctor's fondness for angling has led him along the upper courses of many a stream, and he has taken many things besides fish. He has brought back from the Restigouche, the Grande Décharge, La Belle Rivière, and the Saranac not only baskets brimming over with silvery trout,

but a mind weighted down with pastoral thoughts and a wholesome, fragrant philosophy of the woods. All through its pages the heather blooms again, the fish leap glittering in the sweet inland waters, and birds sing in the woods.

Dr. van Dyke last summer completed his first year at Princeton. At the close of his final lecture an interesting demonstration was made by one of his classes, the "elective" one. A study of Browning having been finished, he announced that he should never again have the privilege of addressing the men then before him as students in Princeton, and added: "Speed on into life's work; fight its battles; be men; good-by." Someone at that moment started a rousing "locomotive" cheer, which every student throat took up until the air reverberated with vocal thunder.

During the year Dr. van Dyke had given out to his seniors a rather severe course of collateral reading in English poetry. It was purely optional with the students to pursue it or not, but he tells with much pride that five-sixths of the class followed the entire course. Out of 150 men, only four failed to pursue some part of it. Besides his university work, Dr. van Dyke was

a very active man all that year. He visited many other colleges and universities, delivering addresses, lecturing, and preaching—considerably more than two dozen visits in all. The commencement season took him on a tour through the South, where he addressed several collegiate bodies.

Returning home, he prepared at once for his long-wished-for salmon-fishing trip to Canada of a fortnight's duration, after which he was to resume work on a new book which he expected to have ready for the present season—"The Ruling Passion." Of this book he said: "It is fiction, pure and simple; out-of-door studies, showing plain humanity in action on nature's stage. What I want to do is not to paint a historical period, or a section of the country, but just to get hold of the real drama of a few men and women. After all, they are very much alike; whether the actors dress in silk or homespun, 'the play's the thing.'"

"The Builders, and Other Poems" was Dr. van Dyke's first book of verse. It is a slender volume, likely to be enlarged and enriched. Two, at least, of its songs have already become popular favorites, "The Fall of the Leaves" and "An Angler's Wish." These poems ex-

press the extremes of Nature's moods—the birth of Spring with its inspiring fire in the heart, and the death of Autumn with its chill and gloom. In the one the angler panteth, like the hart after the water of the brooks—

> When tulips bloom in Union Square,
> And timid breath of vernal air
> Goes wandering down the dusty town.

And in the other, among fallen leaves,

> We turn on gala days to tread
> Among the rustling memories of the dead.

"The Poetry of Tennyson" brought Dr. van Dyke his first fame as an author. It represents in some measure the entire span of his literary life. It was in fact begun in college when his mind first turned to Tennyson. He has studied the poet and added every year something to the store of knowledge and thought he has gathered. He has recently enlarged the bibliography for the ninth edition.

Dr. van Dyke's literary workshop, just off the library proper, is in no sense a lair or den. Its aspect is bright, wholesome, and stimulating. Its windows look out upon the lawn where sky and "sunny spots of greenery" can be seen,

and through which come floods of light and air. The study is further brightened by pictures on the walls and books which speak and smile from comfortable covers. On the desk lie the *disjecta membra* of essays, poems, stories, and possibly books which await articulation and the last informing touch of life. A wood-thrush has built her nest in the tree that shades the window, and her mate sings, morning and evening, from the tall pine near by.

The Tennyson case of books is the most valued treasure of the house. On one shelf is a set of Tennyson's poems as they appeared—all first editions and rare. There is to be seen the "Poems of Two Brothers," published in 1826, which contains the first-fruits of Tennyson's mind. There, also, is a slender book, esteemed above all its fellows. It is the poet's second volume, published in 1832, and bears on its fly-leaf the autograph of "Barry Cornwall." Pencil marks throughout indicate the passages and lines that most pleased its former owner. Another early edition was owned by Mark Pattison, but this cautious scholar did not risk any compromise of his judgment by indicating his favorite lines. Other first editions are in the same case—a Lamb, a

Coleridge, a Wordsworth, and a full set of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Of Tennyson himself Dr. van Dyke has many souvenirs. He visited the poet by invitation at his home in 1892, shortly before his death, and brought back the portrait that now hangs on the library wall. "I wanted the poet to write something of his own under the picture," said Dr. van Dyke, "and asked him to write for me the two famous lines from the 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington':

> 'Not once or twice in our rough island story
> The path of duty was the way to glory.'

When he handed me the picture I glanced at the bottom to see what he had written, and read there:

> 'Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might;
> Smote the chord of self that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.'

He had chosen as a sentiment the unselfishness of love rather than the reward of fame. This was only six weeks before the poet's death."

Tennyson impressed Dr. van Dyke as, perhaps, the greatest personality he had ever seen; although in a very different way he felt the force and greatness of Bismarck, Grant, and

Robert E. Lee. This portrait was the one the poet liked best, and reveals more than any other the fire of song and prophecy aglow behind great luminous eyes.

Dr. van Dyke has no set time for literary work, but goes to his tasks when opportunity, apart from his University duties, offers, or when the mood calls him. Above all pleasures he prefers that of angling, and, like Dr. Paley, is quite ready to put aside almost any work until "the fly-fishing season is over." His desk is close to the window, and he says that when the green leaves come forth on the shrubs of the lawn stretching away to the roadway which divides this home from the home of Grover Cleveland, his heart immediately takes flight to the forests and streams.

"I watch those trees closely," he said, "for the first touch of spring. I can see the first buds that burst through their rough winter covering, and then I know that spring is abroad in the mountains, and that fish are running in a hundred clear streams. It is very hard, then, to stay at home, and I generally manage so I can get out to spend a day close to nature's heart, for my real study and workshop are in the woods—not here."

Frank R. Stockton

Near Charles Town, W. Va.

BY MR. STOCKTON

Born in 1834 in Philadelphia

Rudder Grange. 1879.
The Lady or the Tiger? 1884.
The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. 1886.
The Late Mrs. Null. 1886.
The Great War Syndicate. 1889.
Ardis Claverden. 1890.
Pomona's Travels. 1890.
The Squirrel Inn. 1891.
The Adventures of Captain Horn. 1895.
Mrs. Cliff's Yacht. 1896.
The Girl at Cobhurst. 1898.
The Great Stone of Sardis. 1898.
The Associated Hermits. 1899.
The Vizier of the Two Horned Alexander. 1899.

"Claymont," Mr. Stockton's Home.

IV

Frank R. Stockton

Near Charles Town, W. Va.

MR. STOCKTON'S home in West Virginia lies three miles from Charles Town, founded by General Washington's brother Charles. Here the visitor finds himself in the valley of a stream otherwise historic, since it is forever linked with the fame of Sheridan — the Shenandoah. Claymont is the name of Mr. Stockton's home. It stands nearly a mile back from the road, and the drive to its doorway runs through a beautiful wood. Lawyers who have searched the title have traced it back to George Washington, its 150 acres being part of an estate of 3,000 which the first President once owned. Indeed, the house itself has, in a sense, come down from Washington. It was he who planned it, although its actual construction was the achievement of a grand-nephew of his. The name came from an estate in England associated with the Washington family.

The house is built of brick, light yellow in color, and in size is spacious, having a roof pierced by dormer windows, two deep and lofty

verandas, an ample portico, and a conservatory. To the east and west stand smaller structures, one occupied by servants, the other utilized by visitors when the main building is fully in requisition, the two being connected with the house by brick-walled court-yards. The view takes in a noble prospect of meadow and mountains, the Blue Ridge stretching away for twenty miles to the South.

Within, one finds a spacious hall panelled in oak, out of which open parlor, dining-room, and library, the latter room leading to another, which is the study, lighted by six double windows. Near one of these windows stands an open desk, and in the centre of the room a large table laden with books of reference. Here Mr. Stockton usually spends three of the morning hours, and here were read the proofs of the new complete edition of his writings to which he has given the name of Shenandoah.

But this house has been his home for not more than two years. For a long time previous he had lived in that beautiful region of high and rolling land which stretches from Summit to Morristown in New Jersey, where man and nature have joined hands in creating an earthly paradise. His New Jersey home stood near

Convent Station, and there all his recent books have mainly been written.

It is in a hammock swung in a piazza adjoining his study, or when not in a hammock in the easiest of easy-chairs, that Mr. Stockton likes to work. From a room on the other side of his "study-garden" (for Mr. Stockton dislikes the typewriter's clicking and has banished the machine as far as possible) the secretary comes, and, notebook in hand, quietly seats herself. Silence, long drawn out and perhaps never broken, except by Mr. Stockton's voice, then prevails, the secretary finally leaving at the announcement of luncheon. From the hammock's depths or from the recesses of a great chair, a measured, vibrating voice has spoken out, and down in the notebook has gone the first draught of the latest of the thousand and one curious tales with which Stockton has been delighting America and England, the Continent, the colonies, and even the tropics, for at least a quarter of a century.

In all probability this remarkable man stands alone in his methods of work. Without making a note, without a scrap of synopsis, he carries his novels in his head, oftentimes letting the story build itself up over a period of years. When ready to write he calmly speaks it off to

the young girl. This first draught, made from the head alone, for he never touches pen to paper, becomes practically the final draught. Mr. Stockton seldom cares to touch, in the way of correction, the typewritten sheets.

There is nothing more striking about Mr. Stockton than his simplicity. His sanctum, whence novel after novel has gone forth, has nothing that savors of the "shop." As the writer stood in the centre of the study it seemed what also might have been the very delightful "morning-room" of a British country gentleman of leisure and means. There was no litter of proofs and manuscripts; there were no heaps of reference-books, none of the things usually thought to be the stock-in-trade of the modern author. Not many books were to be seen; but easy-chairs, a great settee, a desk for correspondence, a table or two, a cabinet of pipes, and some bookcases, one of which holds the various editions of his own works, and another an encyclopedia.

A roomy chair spread its depths at his caller's side. "My year," said Mr. Stockton, "is eight months long on the average. I am just back, after having been in New York and Washington for some months. All my extended work is

done in this study, though I frequently write short stories and do other 'immediate' work during the winter."

A personality more winsome and delightful it would be difficult to find. A small man sits before you, keen-eyed—those eyes that miss nothing—his mustache and hair iron gray. Photographs give no hint of the man; they do not even mirror his personal appearance. Nothing save a talk with him gives you that.

Here—and you realize it as you watch his eyes—is the "funster" of two continents, not the swashbuckler comedian or the gross funny man that plasters his wit and delivers it crude; but the comedy man of human life, who even in serious moments notices the humor and the merriment, and tells it with delicacy and wit that set old men and severe matrons, young girls and men of affairs, laughing at they know not what. Always on the watch for curious phases of human life, he builds up from what he sees, travelling to refresh his mind, meeting new men and women, parts and portions of whose characters he will weave some day into one of his novels.

Historians of literature will never find out where Mr. Stockton gets his most delightful

characters, for Mr. Stockton scarcely knows himself. They grow in his mind, and are variations of people he has met. They are so real that men and women constantly write to him about them. The correspondence regarding "The Lady or the Tiger?" has not yet ceased. "I answer only those letters that seem to me to be worth answering," said Mr. Stockton. "I would have little time to do anything else if I should undertake to answer them all. Do you know that at one time I seriously thought of having a printed slip saying that I really did not know which it was—this being for the Lady or the Tiger controversy! Requests came in so rapidly, and they still come. Only the other day I got a package of opinions from the scholars of a literature class in a Western school."

Mr. Stockton was soon in full conversational swing. We were standing by the bookcase taking out volumes of his works, early and late —"Ting-a-Ling" in the oldest of old-fashioned bindings, a collection of fairy stories written about 1870; the first edition of "Rudder Grange," which has one baby in it (the original papers in the old *Scribner's Monthly* had no baby, and when the book was made up a final "baby chapter" was tacked on); the

second edition, which has three babies; and the third, that has only two. Pomona's baby was finally dropped out of existence, for the reason that the author wanted Pomona and Jonas to have a series of adventures in Europe, and with a baby these adventures would have been impossible.

"I can tell you a story about Pomona," said Pomona's creator, "and this baby. I had planned out the book of Pomona's travels and was about ready to write it. I was in Philadelphia at the time, and had a business appointment with my dentist, an old friend. By the way, you should never change your dentist any more than you should your plumber. Both will want to take out the work of their predecessors, swearing that it was done very badly. Well, while in the chair I got to talking with this friend about my new book. I told him I had serious thoughts of killing that baby. He was much interested. We talked over the advisability of doing this, and while he was not quite convinced he in the main agreed with me.

"I had been finished with, and clasping his hand went into the waiting-room on my way out. This waiting-room was filled with women. As I passed through the door I heard him call:

'Then you have positively decided to kill that baby?' 'Positively,' I replied. You should have seen the women stare. It was not until I got well out in the hallway that I realized what they must, of course, have been thinking.

"Pomona actually existed in real life. She was a charity girl we employed (she was about fourteen), and she had precisely the same taste for books and reading aloud to herself, as the Pomona of the story. She had a name that I now forget, but I know it was an assumed one, it was so romantic. We finally had to send her back to the institution, she was so untidy. What became of her we never heard. She always said she would go upon the stage. Of course, Pomona 'happened' years ago, possibly," and Mr. Stockton's face took on an inscrutable expression; "she may now be one of the popular actresses under another name.

"Only Pomona as a young girl is real, however. Pomona grown up is purely imaginary. So are the doings of Mrs. Lecks (some people, I regret to say, will call her Mrs. Leeks) and Mrs. Aleshine. I thought Mrs. Aleshine's name was simple enough, but I got many letters asking if her name was not pronounced Al-e-shi-ne. It is, really, Ale-shine. Well, they are

two old ladies I knew that I started off and imagined a series of adventures for. They actually did exist.

"It is much more to my liking to write about middle-aged women than young women. The older ones have more character; you can make them do more amusing things.

And so Mr. Stockton in a simple way ran on with his anecdote and description. He told of the pressing offers that came to him to rewrite his "Great War Syndicate" and put Spain in the place of England in that story, altering it so as to kill some people (for the "War Syndicate" tale is a remarkable battle story in that there is only one man killed in all its pages—and he by accident). This offer he refused. He told how "Rudder Grange" is still selling, and how fresh generations of young people discuss "The Lady or the Tiger?" Also how that truly great story has been twice translated into Japanese; once literally, and again told in the words of a Japanese story-teller. Neither of these Japanese editions has Mr. Stockton ever been able to get. None of his English friends in Japan can find them. As Mr. Stockton remarks, "They really wouldn't know them if they saw them, you know."

"Ardis Claverden," he said, in response to a question, "is, I think, my favorite woman character. She is probably the least well known of my women, however. But I am very fond of her. I had a hard time to find her, as you shall hear. I couldn't seem to run across the type I wanted. I hunted and hunted. At last, talking about it to the principal of a girls' school, I got permission from her to go through the school and talk to the older girls. But it was in vain. None of the girls, of course, knew of my quest, but I couldn't find my character. One day I was talking my problem over with a certain eminent authoress—no, I will not say who she was—and an idea struck me. The idea grew upon me. Ardis Claverden was finally modelled upon her."

"The Late Mrs. Null," Mr. Stockton said, was his best selling book; that is, it had the greatest number of sales within a few months of its issue. This, it will be remembered, was his first long novel. Before its appearance everyone had said he was a short-story man alone, and could never write anything more than that.

"The hardest work I have," Mr. Stockton went on in his magnetic way, "is naming my

characters. Many of them are completely made up, others are suggested by something, others are slightly changed from real names. I seldom use a name that in itself is a description of the character. That was Dickens's way, you remember. Nevertheless, sometimes one of my names does describe the character. Take Tippengray of 'The Squirrel Inn.' Tippengray was a man whose hair was slightly tipped with gray. I always liked that name. Chipperton in 'A Jolly Fellowship' is very descriptive also. Ardis in 'Ardis Claverden' is an old family name of mine. My mother was a Virginian, and I had lived a great deal down South before coming to Charles Town."

Here and there diversions in this conversation were caused. Mrs. Stockton now and then appeared. Plumbers were in the house, and Mr. Stockton was appealed to. He made answer, but would not budge from the room. Any other mechanic he will follow up; a carpenter and a paperhanger he will meet on open ground; but plumbers, he says, work too much underground and under floors; they are altogether too mysterious, and he will have naught to do with them.

At last the writer came to a question he had

long feared to ask, for it was the question Stockton has been asked ten thousand times. However, when well nerved up for the task, the question came. "Was it —" and then Mr. Stockton smiled kindly, though a shade wearily, and responded: "I do not know. I really have never been able to decide whether the Lady or the Tiger came out of that door. Yet I must defend myself. People for years have upbraided me for leaving it a mystery; some used to write me that I had no right to impose upon the good-nature of the public in that manner. However, when I started in to write the story, I really intended to finish it. But it would never let itself be finished. I could not decide. And to this day, I have, I assure you, no more idea than anyone else.

"Only the other day some young ladies up in Maine dramatized it, and sent me costume photographs and a copy of the little play.

"Perhaps the most interesting thing about 'The Lady or the Tiger?' is its great popularity among savage races. It has been told again and again by the story-tellers of Burmah. The Burmese say its 'local color' is correct. A missionary once told the story to a tribe of Karens up in the north of Burmah. When she

came back a year later the tribe surrounded her and wanted to know if she had found out yet whether— I cannot answer the question," and a twinkle appeared in Mr. Stockton's eye, " for I have no earthly idea myself."

Hamilton Wright Mabie

In Summit, N. J.

BY MR. MABIE

Born in 1845 in Cold Spring, N. Y.

Norse Stories Retold from the Eddas. 1882.
My Study Fire. 1890.
Old New England. 1890.
Short Studies in Literature. 1891.
Under the Tree and Elsewhere. 1891.
Essays in Literary Interpretation. 1892.
Essays on Nature and Culture. 1896.
Books and Culture. 1896.
Essays on Work and Culture. 1898.
In the Forest of Arden. 1898.
The Life of the Spirit. 1899.
William Shakespeare, Poet, Author and Man. 1900.

Mr. Mabie's Home.

V

Hamilton Wright Mabie

In Summit, N. J.

A JERSEY suburban town, high among the hills that stretch westward of New York, at the very top of the uplands and so far above the other towns of the region that from time immemorial it has borne the name of Summit, is the home of one of the brightest, most sympathetic, and widely read essayists of our time—Hamilton Wright Mabie. Since George William Curtis laid down his pen, Mr. Mabie has risen to be, perhaps, America's best admired and most influential writer of what may be called the literature of criticism and interpretation.

The home is typical of the man. It lies on the outer border of Summit. It is not an old Jersey mansion, but a newly built house of Colonial character, planned on the most modern American lines. Its windows look out on groves of hickory that are gray and picturesque in the springtime. Within, it has peculiar charm. The wide hallway is hung with photographs and prints of makers of books and scenes

connected with them, several of especially famous men bearing interesting autographs of presentation. A reception-room that is practically part of the hall is entered at the left. To the right, for drawing-room read library, for, beside the great fireplace, there is not an inch of the walls that is not covered with books.

Here stand poetry and prose, in serried shelves that rise to the ceiling and seem jealous of the space the windows take. It is not a household of the sciences or the ologies. These books stand for precisely what Mabie, the essayist, is—a representation of that broad culture which is mind-training, while soul-training, that does not stop at bald figures and bare facts, but takes the lesson out of each, and from all builds up a life. But Mr. Mabie's philosophy of culture needs no explaining; and if there are some for whom such need exists, let them learn it in our essayist's own words, "My Study Fire," or in "Under the Trees," or in "Work and Culture," or elsewhere in any one of the many volumes he has penned—a long line and the most notable of them all, the most recent, the volume on Shakespeare, in which he is believed to have put his finest work.

Mr. Mabie is the essence of cheer, and greets

you with a merry smile. He is of two sides, this man, of sun and shade, of shadow and light, now deep, serious, reflective, and now witty and sparkling. The light, airy trifle, nevertheless, has no place in his make-up. Behind his drolling there is a substantial thought always — a thought that sticks. It is this characteristic that has made him one of the best after-dinner speakers of his time, and a conversationalist who never plays verbal battledoor and shuttlecock, but has always something to say, and says it well. His fame as an after-dinner speaker has gone to the ends of all towns where he has been heard.

At Mr. Mabie's home you drop into one of the easy-chairs of the library, and, the day being chilly, Mrs. Mabie, who has appeared, touches a match to the heap of logs with kindling-wood and paper that need no coaxing to rouse them into flame. A roar and the fire darts up between the dull red bricks. Little shoots of warmth steal out, and the blaze is grateful. You recall—you cannot help it—these words from the first of the essays in "My Study Fire": "Rosalind always lights the fire, and one of the pleasant impressions of the annual ceremonial is the glow of the first blaze upon her fair face and waving hair."

"This is not the original 'My Study Fire,'" says Mr. Mabie, in answer to a question, "though it has been pictured with that title. The original 'Study Fire' was in Greenwich, Conn., where I lived some years ago.

"Those essays, by the way," he went on, "were nearly all first printed in *The Outlook*. The most of my essays have been, you know. But that was not my first book. I had been between covers before, though I suppose that is not generally known. It seems to be the popular idea that I started with 'My Study Fire.' 'Norse Stories,' however, came several years before—a series of tales from Northern mythology, written for children. It sells, perhaps, better than ever of recent years.

He placed the little book—a new edition of it—in my hand. So this was Hamilton Wright Mabie's first venture into the realm of bookdom, an essay of printed pages, wherein gods and giants clashed and contended! How different these pages of Norse myths, of doughty deeds, from the calm philosophy of Mabie of recent years, brimful of the message of culture for the lowest as well as for the highest.

Some men are long in finding their proper niche in the world, and some discover their mis-

sion early. For a dozen years and more Mr. Mabie has been spreading his gospel of literature and education. How he came into his realm is best told in his own words:

"I started off," he said—and the study fire (which one can think of only as the embodiment of the thoughts of Mr. Mabie, the very phrase is wound so closely about him) danced up more brightly—"as a lawyer, like many another young man. I chose law because I did not know what else to choose. But a few months at it showed me that I was not meant for an attorney. Just then it happened that I had a chance to go on *The Christian Union*, now *The Outlook*. I have been there ever since."

"And how—" I began. A smile stole around the corners of Mr. Mabie's mouth. It is as useless to attempt to describe that whole-souled smile that irradiates continually with universal kindness as it is to try to picture the charm of an hour with him. His words—should they be set down literally in cold type—would not make a tithe of the impression that they do when spoken. This charm he has is elusive and intangible. It is like a view of meadow upland on a day that is touched with

an impalpable mist. The eye takes in all its sensuous charm, but a photograph, while it gives the form and outlines, fails to catch the spirit and color.

It is the great forces of the day that appeal to Mr. Mabie, the onward movements that are pushing this country rapidly to the fore, and, though he writes from a secluded, plainly furnished study up near his dwelling's eaves, he is no recluse, but a man keenly alive to events and the currents of the nation's life. Though books crowd his library, though the compressed thought of the world through the centuries is at his hand, he spends only a fraction of each day, week, and month with them, seeking his thoughts and inspirations from the lives of men and women, the lives of those, in the main, who are struggling for a fuller existence.

"Has it ever struck you," he says, leaning back in his chair, "that the great mass of the literary men of America have been more than mere students, that they have been in touch with actual American life?" Whether or no this be true, it is certain that this individual American literary man is and has been in close touch with the life of his times. A boundless optimism is apparent in every word he utters.

He sees the elevation of America through the years to a higher and yet higher plane, and this will come about, he sturdily declares, through the spread of culture.

"I have been surprised," he says, there being now no smile on his lips, but a magnetic earnestness that carries weight with it, "at the spread of culture in America. We of the East have the impression that culture is largely confined to the East, that it has made little headway elsewhere. Never was there a greater error. The men and women, especially the younger generation, of the South and West have a large amount of culture, and they are continually adding to it. In the towns and villages of these regions the interest taken in literature and education is astonishing. The people study for study's own sake. They keep abreast of the intellectual times, and give their minds to the classics of literature as well.

"All this is immensely encouraging. It speaks well for the future of the country, and is an inspiration in itself. It is a joy for me to travel over the West and South, as I have had occasion to do a number of times these past few years, and to address schools, academies, and colleges. Everywhere I find it the same and

everywhere the closest attention. There is the keenest enthusiasm to know; the greatest ambition is seen, and the tastes of the people are being formed on a firm foundation.

"Why, I know one little Western city where an old minister has been conducting a class in Plato for twenty years, and the interest has never once flagged. Now, people cannot listen to Plato for years without having culture, come to them in some small measure at the very least. And this is only an instance of the enthusiasm of the West and South. People who can do no better are teaching themselves — crudely, perhaps, but yet they learn. They are learning at many a sacrifice and the loss of many a personal comfort. Whole families are concerned in these movements, and the activity of the culture that is widely spreading is unbounded."

It was not for Mr. Mabie to say, but it can be told here by another, how much he himself in his addresses and lectures has stimulated this activity. One thing you note about this man is that, interesting as he is as a writer, an even greater charm attaches itself to his thoughts when you hear them direct from his lips. As regards his personality, for the benefit of people

that have never seen him, it is worth telling that the familiar picture of him, wherein he is shown in an easy-chair, reading, is a striking likeness. The posture is his very own, and for once photography has made a complete success with the subject.

There is a rather interesting little anecdote about this portrait. Mr. Mabie was sitting for a picture, and the several poses that had been "snapped" did not suit the operator, who thereupon chanced to go out of the room. While he was away, Mr. Mabie picked up a book, and in the same chair in which he had been posed with ill-success started to read. He became so absorbed that he did not notice the photographer's return. The pose was there, however, and better than it could ever have been planned, and with rapid movements the photographer made ready. "Don't move—not a muscle," was all he said at the final moment. It is doubtful if Mr. Mabie fully understood him. At all events, he remained motionless, and the picture is the result.

With a charming home—in which it must not be forgotten, *en passant*, there stand several admirable pieces of antique furniture—an ideal household, success in his chosen branch of liter-

ature reached, and his temperament of optimism that sees only good coming from out the stress and storm of America, Hamilton Wright Mabie is one of the happiest of men. He shows this each moment in his face. In tastes, once his task for the day is finished—which it always is by luncheon time—he is a normally constituted man, with a love for out-of-door sports. He rides the bicycle and plays golf, and both pastimes he enters into with the pleasure he shows in everything he undertakes.

No finer testimony to the esteem in which he is held in his own circle could be desired than the dinner given to him at the University Club early in the spring of 1901. No society, club, or organization of any kind started the project. Merely a few of his most intimate friends sent out notices of what they had undertaken to do, with an invitation to be present. The responses were immediate and general. It was, indeed, such a gathering as literary and professional New York had not often seen. Distinction of some kind—literary, legal, medical, ministerial, financial, commercial, journalistic—sat in almost every chair. Dr. van Dyke presided. Among those who spoke were Mark Twain, E. C. Stedman, Brander Matthews, F. Hopkinson Smith,

and Dr. James H. Canfield — speeches that charmed and held captive a large gathering. After the third speech Dr. van Dyke was moved to rise and say, with a wearied air, "Well, gentlemen, after what you have been listening to, I wonder how I ever got this job."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

In Mount Vernon Street, Boston

BY MR. ALDRICH

Born in 1836, in Portsmouth, N. H.

The Ballad of Babie Bell, and Other Poems. 1856.
The Story of a Bad Boy. 1869.
Marjorie Daw, and Other People. 1873.
Prudence Palfrey. 1874.
The Queen of Sheba. 1877.
The Stillwater Tragedy. 1880.
Poems. Complete Edition. 1882.
From Ponkapog to Pesth. 1883.
Mercedes, and Later Lyrics. 1883.
Wyndham Towers. [Poem.] 1890.
The Sisters' Tragedy, with Other Poems. 1891.
An Old Town by the Sea. 1893.
Unguarded Gates, and Other Poems. 1895.

Mr. Aldrich's "Den" in Boston.

VI

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

In Mount Vernon Street, Boston

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH is the one poet of pre-eminent standing now left to Boston, once so rich in its literary possessions. Gone are Longfellow and Holmes, gone is Lowell—long since gone. Mr. Aldrich remains as a connecting link between a generation of accomplishment and a generation of hope. His productiveness is now fitful and far too occasional for those who take pride in him as a man of letters and a fellow-citizen, but it is good to know that he is still an active figure in the world. Perhaps we may expect that almost any day there may come from his pen one of those graceful and beautifully polished poems that have made him famous in many a land and beloved in many a heart.

He wears his sixty-odd years with surprising elasticity. His short but stalwart frame is full of vigor, his fine face is as fresh as that of many a man a dozen years his junior, and his whole bearing instinct with bodily strength and mental activity. To say that he is a cultured gentle-

man and a thorough man of the world, in the best sense, is merely to repeat what all who have met him know without the telling. To see him in his beautiful home—either the home in Mount Vernon Street, Boston, or his summer dwelling-place at Ponkapog—a courteous and entertaining host, is to learn anew the lesson that men of note are easy of approach, quick of sympathy, sincere and unpretentious.

From the very crest of Beacon Hill, where stands the almost painfully new marble of the straggling addition to the Bulfinch State House, there slopes swiftly to the water's edge a street whose counterpart is not to be found in America. It is lined with the noblest houses of Boston, the most of them at least half a century old. They were built by the rich and courtly gentlemen of that time, and many are still occupied by descendants of those merchant princes and statesmen who made Mount Vernon Street a place of extraordinary vogue and exclusiveness; but the butterflies of fashion have now taken wing to other regions. On the right as you descend is a group of eight or ten tall bow-fronted mansions set considerably back from the sidewalk, each with its grass plot and ornate iron fence. This semi-retirement gives them

an indescribable air of dignity and richness, and strangers always gaze upon them with admiration.

Mr. Aldrich's house, No. 59, is the second of this group. It is particularly noticeable by reason of its doorway of white marble framework and Grecian pillars set into the brick, a curious but striking arrangement. From the steps one can see the blue waters of the Charles, that omnipresent river in and around Boston, and the long curve of Back Bay houses, whose rear view is that of the water. A son of George Bancroft, the historian, is Mr. Aldrich's next-door neighbor, and beyond him recently has lived ex-Governor Claflin. On the other side of the street and not quite so far down is the house of the Hon. Robert Treat Paine. It will be seen, therefore, that the neighborhood still has distinction, even if the blaze of fashion has been extinguished.

The interior of this fine old mansion is entirely in keeping with its outside nobility. If one enters on such an errand as that which called the writer of this chronicle to it, he gets a moment's impression of a richly furnished drawing-room, where a fire of logs is cheerfully blazing and a gray African parrot is enjoying a place

of honor, a large hall, a great circular stairway sweeping its broad spiral to the very top of the house; vistas of beautiful rooms at each landing, and at last, on the fourth floor, the "den" of the poet, the true abiding-place of an author at home.

This room is large, but not too much so to be inviting and comfortable, and it has its fireplace, like all the others. From its bow-windows a splendid panorama of the southwestern part of Boston, dominated by the campanile of the Providence Station, greets the eye. At night myriad lights give the view still greater beauty. From the roof of the house, the islands of the harbor can be seen, and even the sea beyond, for at this point one finds himself as high as the dome of the Capitol.

The noticeable feature of this snuggery is its antique furniture—escritoires, chairs, and tables that would make a collector green with envy. Nothing here, with the exception of two immense modern, velvet-cushioned rockers and a large centre desk, is of later date than 1812. This furniture forms part of the valuable heritage its owner derived from his grandfather, who lived in Portsmouth—the veritable grandfather of the hero of that delightful classic, "The

Story of a Bad Boy," which (and the reader may take "Tom Bailey's" word for it) is autobiographic and true in its essential elements.

The centre desk was once owned by Charles Sumner, and was used by him for many years. In various odd corners are half a hundred things picked up all over the world, such as Buddhist deities, Arabian gems, and a very valuable piece of Moorish tiling from the walls of the Alhambra. There are book-shelves in plenty, of course, and a semi-literary collection of pipes on a curious table at one of the windows. Good pictures hang on the red-toned walls, although to the bookman the most interesting object of that sort is an old print of Dr. Johnson, framed with an autograph letter of that worthy.

Seated here, in one of the big rockers, Mr. Aldrich enters upon the rôle of entertainer with an easy charm that delights the younger man. He sketches his own life with vivid touches, telling how he found the beginning of his career. He talks of foreign lands most entertainingly (a book of travel Mr. Aldrich has written bears the odd title "From Ponkapog to Pesth"), and of his own with a keen appreciation of the best things that pertain to it. Being led to the subject, he describes the amusing pitfalls that are dug for

unsuspecting authors by the professional and mercantile hunters of autographs.

Some of the expedients of these gentlemen are almost incredible. On one occasion he received a pathetic letter in a feminine hand, announcing the death of a little daughter, and asking the poet if he would not send, in his own handwriting, a verse or two from "Babie Bell" to assuage the grief of that household. His sympathies were touched and he wrote out the whole poem and sent it on its comforting mission. A few weeks later he saw the identical thing in a well-known autograph dealer's store with a good round price attached thereto. This is only one of many tricks that now are mostly attempted in vain. Their intended victim has grown expert in detecting them at first sight.

Mr. Aldrich's amusing dissertation on the autograph fiend and his practices led naturally to an exhibition of the most striking collection of original manuscripts in this country. During the ten years of his editorial guidance of *The Atlantic Monthly*, he had the rare foresight to preserve the contributions of all the famous writers for the magazine. There were giants in those days. In magnificently bound volumes are preserved manuscripts of Longfellow, Lowell,

Holmes, and the whole coterie of poets and essayists of whom New England was proud.

These manuscripts are "inlaid," as it is called, a process so delicate and cunning that the very paper of the authors seems a part of the larger page, permitting also the reverse side — they did not always obey the rule of "one side of sheet only," the great ones of that day—to be read with perfect ease. Included are numerous manuscripts of English writers of renown. These books are of almost priceless value now. What they will be worth in fifty years it would be impossible to conjecture. To the commercially inclined they might become a more profitable heirloom than a house on Beacon Street, "river view" included, or a block of Calumet & Hecla, which is to-day the staff and support of more than one family in Boston with close literary associations.

The poet has his moods in writing; he confesses it without reserve. He must be surrounded by the things he has grown to know and cherish, or the genius of inspiration may not flutter down upon his paper. "I could not create a large work in a small room," he says, and he tells of attempts to set up his desk in other parts of the house, all to no purpose, until the present spacious

and beautiful study was evolved. And if there is a tenth muse whose special care is Boston, as all good dwellers of the Hub must believe, or depart into the outer darkness, she could not fail to delight in such a place.

William Dean Howells

In Central Park South, New York

BY MR. HOWELLS

Born in 1837, in Martin's Ferry, O.

Venetian Life. 1866.
Italian Journeys. 1867.
Their Wedding Journey. 1871.
A Chance Acquaintance. 1874.
The Lady of the Aroostook. 1879.
The Undiscovered Country. 1880.
A Modern Instance. 1882.
The Rise of Silas Lapham. 1885.
Poems. 1885.
April Hopes. 1887.
A Hazard of New Fortunes. 1890.
The Coast of Bohemia. 1893.
A Traveller from Altruria. 1894.
My Literary Passions. 1895.
The Landlord of Lion's Head. 1897.
Their Silver Wedding Journey. 1899.
Literary Friends and Acquaintance. 1901.

Mr. Howells at his Office Desk.

VII

William Dean Howells

In Central Park South, New York

THE eyes of William Dean Howells, as one views them in a clear light, are large and blue with silvery reflections. In their clear pupils is something infinite and vague as the tranquil sea. He lowers his head that he may the better listen to the voice of reverie, and his vast forehead appears in the majestic simplicity of its design. His face, which when in repose is expressive of serenity, certitude, and invincible faith, reproduces all the shades of his thoughts in their sadness or gayety. He is observation itself. Those who have really interviewed him know that he has penetrated them more than they him.

Men of letters, and artists, even those whom all opinions divide, are united in affection for his personality. When one reads in the margin of a magnificent etching by Rajon, which is in his drawing-room at 48 West Fifty-ninth Street, the words "To my dear Howells," one feels that they were not written as a conventional formula. The inscription is in the handwriting

of L. Alma-Tadema, artist of the painting etched by Rajon.

Other pictures in the drawing-room are an old painting of a Venetian lady, dressed in silks and paniers, like a personage of Watteau, wearing a mask and posed in the most graceful figure of a minuet imaginable; an excellent example of Fortuny's art in the figure of a guitar-player in brilliant costume, and an ancient Venetian engraving of a series of plates descriptive of Italian life in the sixteenth century.

The walls of the library are lined with books, modern and collected without bibliomania. Above the shelves are two wide paintings of angels, the effect of which is enchanting. They were painted by a pupil of Veronese. The colors, forms, facial expression, and restfulness exhaled from the composition, made by an inspired artist in an age of naïve religion, are impressive. The long library table, made after a design by Mrs. Howells, is graceful and delicately ornamented with severely artistic carvings. It is unencumbered with books or papers. The inkstand reproduces in bronze the wild boar of the great fountain at Florence.

The window opens on Central Park, the

green trees, the flowery plains, and a vast, immense extent of sky, as the author might have wished to cut in azure for his personal use. In the spring, the forest of lilacs—white, blue, and pink—appears as a happy and triumphant festival. It vanishes only to make place for flowers of gold and snow.

"If Aristides Homos, your Altrurian traveller, were imprisoned here," a young man said to Mr. Howells, "perhaps he would not adversely criticise American architecture." Mr. Howells laughed in good-humor, and replied: "He says that gracious structures in our great cities do not redeem, but are lost and annulled in their environment. Will you have an evidence of this?" and then Mr. Howells bent his body out of the window, and pointed with his right hand to a mixed landscape.

"There is the handsomest of clubhouses," said he. "It is pure Florentine Renaissance. The new brick building adjoining it is—what? Then there is a two-story liquor store, then a plain brick building, then this monstrosity, a cliff of brick and sandstone, so many stories higher than its neighbor."

"Is not the effect picturesque?" he was asked. "It is picturesque," Mr. Howells re-

plied, as he sat on a pretty ottoman, "but it is not beautiful. A savage is picturesque."

The library-room is not the author's workshop. His workshop is in the rear of the apartment—a little room severe as an ascetic's cell, where there is a typewriter. Mr. Howells writes with the machine easily since the time when an injury to his wrist made it difficult for him to write with a pen. He works in the morning, and takes his constitutional in the park in the afternoon.

Have you visions of analytical essays, of brilliantly truthful stories written with the facility that a fluent talker has in conversation? Mr. Howells hesitates between the dramatic and the historical form in his plan of every story. How natural, how life-like is the dramatic! How satisfying is the historical! Like Penelope he undoes in the evening the tapestry carefully woven in the day. If one asks of him the form that he prefers, he says: "One must sacrifice in dramatic writing the last degree of intimacy. The author may say to the reader things which no other person may say. This is the advantage of the historical form."

"I saw you at the performance at the Berkeley Lyceum of Maeterlinck's 'L'Intruse.' I

have always wished to ask your opinion of the play," said the young man. "Maeterlinck is one of our deities," Mr. Howells replied. "Was it not grand? How the text lifted the players, who were amateurs, to the grade of great players!"

"I thought 'L'Intruse' was as good as the deeply moving Greek chorus in the play by which it was preceded," the young man observed, timidly. "It was better," Mr. Howells said, with enthusiasm. "'L'Intruse' is Greek and modern. It is Shakespeare. Do you remember the thrill of the first scene in 'Hamlet'?"

"But Maeterlinck's plays are literary," the young man said, "and the great dramatic critics insist that the drama should be dramatic first and literary afterward." "There is no difference between the drama and literature," Mr. Howells replied. "In the Puritanical times writers avoided the stage, but this was a temporary separation. The drama must be literary to be dramatic. Observe the effect of Herne's 'Shore Acres,' a magnificent play, wherein the literature suppresses the mechanical, the rude, and the commonplace."

"Have you a theory of literary criticism?" the young man asked. "I think that the art of criticism is to discover the truth about a book,

and tell it," Mr. Howells replied, with an interrogative look.

"Yes, but there are all kinds of truths," the young man insisted. "And an endless amount of different moods. The personal equation has a large part in the practice of criticism. But there are general principles; there is progress," Mr. Howells continued. "When I wrote essays on fiction and was adversely criticised for my opinion of Thackeray, I had simply declared that Thackeray was the foremost man of his time. I greatly admired him. But Tolstoi and Balzac have made the progress of the novel only too rapid for the Anglo-Saxons. The realistic novel is the novel of the present and of the future."

"You know that there is a reactionary school of literature in France," the young man said, with much assurance.

"I do not know its work," Mr. Howells replied, placidly. "I think there may not be a reaction, but a change of subjects. Instead of describing the coarser, the new novelist will describe some of the finer, phases of life."

"How can they? The finer phases are not as easily realized. What novelist will write realistic novels of maidens?" he was asked. "Those who shall be as pure as they," Mr. Howells

replied. "There cannot be a revolution in the art of fiction which may be a change in the nature of the novel as a faithful representation of our experiences of life."

"Was your faculty of observation innate or acquired?" asked the young man, in a catechistical tone, which surprised even him. "I suppose I have developed it," Mr. Howells replied. "But most of my observations have been unconscious; I verify them wherever it is possible. I never write anything without asking myself, 'Is it true?'"

Mr. Howells replied so affably that his questioner persisted unrelentingly. "I would give the palm to Hawthorne among all the prose writers," he said in one of his replies. "Hawthorne wrote pure romance. This is perfectly legitimate in fiction, and not to be confounded with the mixture known as the romantic novel. I sometimes think 'Evangeline' could be proved the great poem of the century. It is the supreme tragedy of pathos. I have been passionately fond of Longfellow, but my first love was Heine. I read Heine at seventeen, in the village where my father had his printing office. A German bookbinder, who had gone into exile after the Revolution of 1848, had the works of

the poet, and I learned German with him in my ardor to read them. I shall never lose the impression which they made on me. It was Heine who freed my hand in writing."

"I prefer the 'Intermezzo' rather than 'Romeo and Juliet,'" the young man said, with an apologetic air, "because Heine's work is a pure poem without a story." "Heine," Mr. Howells said, "never had to give a reason for his lyrical emotion. He had the wisdom never to render an account."

"Could you not be persuaded to become a partisan of the theory of art for art's sake?" the young man asked. "No," Mr. Howells answered, very decidedly. "The theory is excusable only on the plea of necessary protest against too materialistic surroundings."

To a question about the works of Poe, Mr. Howells replied that they had not impressed him and that he could not understand why the French were enthusiastic about them. Of Walt Whitman, he said: "He was like Columbus. He discovered an island, instead of the continent. He knew the slavery of the poetic form, but he made his work formless. Form is indispensable to poetry. I think it should not be everything, but the true art is in a middle ground. At a sub-

lime height in his work Whitman had form. Then he ceased to be nebular and became stellar."

"Are you a believer in the mind as a metaphysical entity?" the young man asked.

"No," he replied, "but I find great consolation in the thought that a third principle besides mind and body makes us think. Do you remember Cassio, the most charming character in literature, and the part of himself which he lost in the second act of 'Othello'? Now what was it?"

"People say that you are a Socialist." "I should not care to wear a label," Mr. Howells replied. "I do not study the question—the question studies me. In great cities one does not easily avoid it. But socialism is not imminent. If the people wanted it they would have it, and without any revolution. Have you noticed that in our civilization, the artist who is the only person in the right is apparently the only person in the wrong?"

Paul Leicester Ford

In East Seventy-seventh Street, New York,
and in Brooklyn

BY MR. FORD

Born in 1865, in Brooklyn

The Writings of Jefferson [Editor of].
Hon. Peter Stirling. 1894.
The True George Washington. 1896.
The Story of an Untold Love. 1897.
The Great K. and A. Train Robbery. 1897.
Janice Meredith. 1899.
The Many-sided Franklin. 1899.

VIII

Paul Leicester Ford

In East Seventy-seventh Street, New York, and in Brooklyn

THE library of Paul Leicester Ford, whether we visit the new one he has just entered into occupancy of at 37 East Seventy-seventh Street, or recall the old one in the spacious Brooklyn mansion, where his fame was first won, impresses the visitor as "dukedom large enough." When Mr. Ford's reputation had grown broad in the land, but with other irons in the fire, notably with "Janice Meredith," which first saw the light in a periodical and in book form leapt to continental popularity, he gave up his Brooklyn home, where he had dwelt from childhood, and went to New York to live. Here he had bachelor quarters in the centre of the town, and went to many literary gatherings in the winter, not infrequently rising to address an assemblage of diners from his place at the guest-table. He seemed, indeed, to have become a confirmed bachelor man-of-the-world, and yet men and women wondered how a man so apparently indifferent to love in the

concrete could have written such fiction as his.

Not less delightful than startling, therefore, was the announcement in the summer of 1900, that he would remain a bachelor no more. A new source of happiness was thus to enter into his singularly fortunate career. It came from the hand and heart of a beautiful Brooklyn girl, her home not far from his own father's mansion—Miss Grace Kidder. Mr. Ford at the same time set about the building of a New York house on that upper east side near Central Park, where dwell so many of the worldly prosperous of New York's population.

Not content with a house as one in a row of similar structures, he purchased land on which to rear a thirty-five-foot-front edifice, with ample space on the west for light through side-windows. An American basement edifice is this, constructed in the first story of Indiana limestone, with Harvard brick for the upper ones — a rather impressive-looking structure, with its most notable feature a storage-room for automobiles, the doorway of which divides with the main entrance a large part of the frontage.

But a further word must be written here of that Brooklyn home. First among impressions

as one used to be ushered through the long hallway on Clark Street, Brooklyn Heights, and paused at the top of the flight of steps that form the threshold to the library, was one of amplitude. The house itself is curious enough, with its broad drawing-rooms on the second floor, its plain, unassuming front, and its general air of a dwelling that has come down from half a century ago. The library was by far the crowning feature. No picture of Paul Leicester Ford, historian and novelist, at home, would be complete, or even suggested, without a word as to that workshop, where "Peter Stirling" was forged and some of the best American historical work of the past twenty years was done.

It was a great, almost square apartment that you peered down into from the top of these steps at the end of the hall, a room fifty by sixty feet, reared aloft by building over the entire yard. A huge, square skylight in its centre pours in a flood of sunlight, and side-windows add to the illumination. Along the four walls, in a line practically unbroken, stretched lengths of high bookcases, their bases honey-combed with shallow, broad, and deep pasteboard boxes containing rare autographs, pamphlets, and memoranda. In this room, and in "stacks" in an apartment

of equal size below, was housed perhaps the largest and oldest private library of Americana in what is now Greater New York. Here, and elsewhere about the house, were at least 100,000 volumes and pamphlets.

Book-racks, cases, tables, and four great desks and writing-tables were parts of the furniture. All were heaped high with books and the stock-in-trade of the delver into history. Desks and writing-tables supported piles of ancient books, proofs, memoranda, pamphlets, and manuscripts. This historian with his wealth of space, his authorities and references, believes in heaping up material and keeping it in view, reserving each desk and table for its own piece of work.

So this library, in comparison with others, was indeed a "dukedom." One never knew in which corner of it, at which desk, he might find its master. Here, in the midst of one volume or another there sat each morning the man who, having risen toward the top in one branch of literature, has gained success in another almost at one single bound—the success of "Peter Stirling" amplified vastly in the success of "Janice Meredith." Paul Leicester Ford's extraordinary versatility, his skill at driving two steeds without losing his hold on either, is the second

thought that aroused you. The third is the man's conversational cleverness, his wit, his pithy, concise sentences, his ease in argument and retort.

The noonday sun had very nearly reached its traditional point, when this writer was greeted by the author, who at the moment had the unexampled honor of having three books almost at the top among literary successes in America. "Peter Stirling," though on the market for several years, still stood among the best-selling books of the day; "The Story of an Untold Love" had a place in similar category; "The True George Washington" had proved the best-bought book of history issued for many a year. And now on top of those successes has come one greater still—that of "Janice Meredith."

An Angora cat stretched itself lazily on a cushioned chair, a black-frocked stenographer clicked at the typewriter, and two uniformed maids noiselessly swept off the rugs and the polished floor and "redded up" (in good, honest Scotch phrase) as Mr. Ford sat at the most crowded of all his desks. If ever an author was "at home" in its broadest, truest sense, it was this man. As he returned to his chair after his guest had seated himself, the writer saw

clearly outlined the genuine master of a domain, the man to whom books and yellowed records were a power. Books were not all; beyond them, he had studied men and affairs at near range. This library was merely the crucible for testing the hidden springs of life and types.

Talk started with Peter Stirling, that splendid figure of American fiction that portrays a hitherto unthought-of ideal in politics and has aroused much guesswork as to its "original." The guest told Mr. Ford the story of the State Senator of New York City who talked the book ardently at every political club in town for months. The man who made Peter Stirling laughed. "Do you know where the demand for that book first came from?" he queried. "You could never imagine. It was very curious. 'Peter Stirling' was published late in the fall of 1894. It lay on the shelves practically unsold for four months, and looked like a failure. One day I went to my publisher's and, much to my surprise, he said: 'We're just getting ready to print a new edition of "Peter Stirling," and shall make a new set of plates.' 'I'm very glad to hear that,' I replied. He went on: 'Look over those proofs and make any changes you wish.'"

"It was such a surprise to me that the next time I saw him I asked how it happened that the book had jumped so suddenly in sales. Then it all came out. San Francisco was the place where 'Peter Stirling' really started to sell. Without any warning an order came in from that city one day for 300 copies. The man that ordered them was A. M. Robertson, a bookseller of San Francisco, and they thought in the office that he must be crazy. (I remarked to my publisher when he told me this, that that wasn't a high compliment for the book.) However, Robertson not only sold those 300 copies, but a little later ordered 300 more. It was afterward learned that he had happened to read the book and was so 'taken' with it that he made up his mind to sell those 300 copies before he did anything else.

"Orders began to come in from Michigan and Wisconsin. Why from those States no one knows to this day, but these are the facts. Meanwhile, the book was not selling at all in Chicago or in New York. The demand in these and other cities did not start until 'Peter Stirling' had pretty widely spread throughout the Middle West."

In this anecdotal, discursive way Mr. Ford

wandered on. The "original" of "Peter Stirling"? A chance to get at the truth of that, and so settle a literary controversy, was too precious to lose. Mr. Ford went into a brown study at once. "I don't blame people for thinking that Peter Stirling is Grover Cleveland," he said, "for, really, there are many points of resemblance. But the fact is that Peter Stirling is no one in particular. He grew out of my political experiences in the First Ward of Brooklyn some years ago.

"I worked in politics quite a time, and I came to find out that no man of the better class could succeed against the little or big bosses, for the simple reason that he would never give the time to handling and entering into the lives of the people. Take my own experience. I was liked and was treated well, but I was without influence, except," and here there was a sly twinkle in Mr. Ford's eye, "with a plumber who had done work on several of our houses for some years. His support I could always count on at the primaries, even if he really wanted to vote the other way. I suppose," and Peter Stirling's creator grew more jovial, "that I could have controlled the ward if I had employed enough workmen.

"No, Peter Stirling is a composite of four great American statesmen. I had in mind Washington, Lincoln, and two others. It is an attempt to show how a man of the noblest aims can get close to the people and rule them."

Mr. Ford chatted of his surprise at the popular success of "An Untold Love," which he expected would be liked only by the few, and he told how he came to write his "Great K. and A. Train Robbery." ("The reason most railroad robbery stories fail is because people do not like to have their hero a villain, so I had to devise a way of holding the interest while making my hero moderately good.") He was merry as he related how women had told him he could not draw a woman that was real and that they liked, facts which must have put him to his spurs when writing "Janice Meredith."

Mr. Ford is still young. He is thirty-six. Until a few years ago his work was solely historical. Ill-health in childhood and early manhood prevented him from going to school or college. He was simply turned loose in his father's library—the library of Gordon L. Ford. At the age of eleven he was an editor and printer. He and his brother, Worthington C. Ford, formerly Chief of the Bureau of Statistics,

editor of "The Writings of Washington," and author of a "Life of Washington," actually "set up" his first work. Mr. Ford's historical publications, big and little, many of them reprints of scarce writings edited by him, number an easy hundred. Under the imprint of the Historical Printing Club he and his brother Worthington issued books and pamphlets. His hand, in the main, has been on men and affairs of the Revolutionary period. Into Colonial records he has seldom ventured. Few readers of "Janice Meredith" have understood how ample was the historical knowledge out of which Mr. Ford wrote that book.

John Fiske

In Cambridge, Mass.

BY MR. FISKE

Born in 1842 in Hartford, Conn. Died in East Gloucester in July, 1901

Myths and Myth Makers. 1872.
The Destiny of Man. 1884.
American Political Ideas. 1885.
The Beginnings of New England. 1887.
The Critical Period of American History. 1888.
The American Revolution. 1891.
The Discovery of America. 1892.
History of the United States for Schools. 1894.
Old Virginia and Her Neighbors. 1897.
A Century of Science. 1899.
The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America. 1899.

Mr. Fiske's Home.

IX

John Fiske

In Cambridge, Mass.

IT is not likely to be disputed that the man who to-day has stood pre-eminently for the best Boston traditions in moral and social life is John Fiske, essayist, philosopher, historian, and lecturer. In everything that makes for culture and the higher kinds of public activity his voice commanded great attention. The cause was poor indeed that could not enlist him as a zealous and eloquent champion. "The Old South Church and John Fiske inside it are a combination that can make an honest patriot of anyone," was the remark of a certain Boston statesman. Those words only reflect the public estimation in which this big, hearty, clear-minded teacher of the people has been held. Parkman, Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, Fiske—these are our best writers of history. Greatest of these is Parkman, and not the least is Fiske, who was stricken dead early in July, 1901, in what seemed to be his prime.

It is an ever-debated question which exerts the greater influence—the environment on the

man or the man on the environment. In John Fiske's case the matter may be said to be very nicely balanced. Undoubtedly Cambridge, where he lived, by the richness of its culture and the splendor of its institutions, moulded and stimulated him; just as he made his impress upon the life of that beautiful town and, indeed, far beyond its confines. So the visitor who sought him felt a double sense of satisfaction—that of the place and that of the dweller.

If you would follow in the steps of the bookish pilgrim who writes this sketch and, finding yourself some fine day in Harvard Square, where two centuries of learning and the newest thing in golf suits look out upon you from the "yard," proceed to that shaggy but still virile sentinel, the Washington elm, you will then strike into Concord Avenue, a long famous thoroughfare down which the British marched back to Boston after their troublous day at Lexington and beyond. After a little, you will reach Craigie Street, which you may recognize by the loveliest archwork of elm branches that one may see in many a day. It is only a step to Berkeley Street, where stands John Fiske's house. Had he lived this house would not have long remained his home. He was just ready to move into another in Brattle

Street near the Craigie mansion. Indeed he had begun to have his books packed for the removal—12,000 books. And then death came.

Cambridge is fine and classic ground. In one direction, under the tops of stately trees, lies the lovely Longfellow estate, now somewhat more crowded than of yore by the addition of two new houses to its grassy expanse. In another lies the Worcester domain, of which Mr. Fiske's land was once a part. The old dictionary-maker was a famous owner of acres in his day, and many are the house-lots that have been carved out of his holdings. There is a considerable tract still inviolate, but its value inevitably foretells its dismemberment.

No. 22 Berkeley Street is a substantial square house of the mansard-roofed type, so popular twenty years ago. It is quiet drab in color, and its chief characteristic from the street is the large covered stoop, generously disposed, and in summer set off with ferns, cacti, and palms. Back of the dwelling is a trim, green space, whose chief glory is a great silver poplar of at least a century's growth. Baby evergreens are scattered about, as well as a number of stiff and lean poplars. Here, or rather to the long piazza overlooking the place, Mr. Fiske would probably

first take you if the day were warm, and from a huge rocking-chair chat pleasantly about your errand or any other subject you might care to suggest.

Nothing could be simpler or more sincerely kind than was this big-brained man's reception. He told you how he selected his ground a score of years ago; how he added to it to prevent some too-neighborly house from rising; how a family of crows had for years maintained a home in the trees yonder, unterrified by the building operations that have gone on in Berkeley Place, a charming little no-thoroughfare that runs by one side of his estate; how the other birds came and went, and what vines thrived best along the piazza.

Then you perhaps took a quick, mental photograph of the man. He was big, tall, and burly. His head was large, and his florid face fittingly girt with a full, brown beard, touched with gray, rather long and rather careless. The whole make-up suggested the Norseman. But the calm and deliberate speech betrayed the philosopher, the man who would not deliver an opinion in a rush. "I hate to go off half-cocked," was his very characteristic remark in the course of some conversation on the Philippine question. Mr.

Fiske, while not an imperialist by instinct, was somewhat of a believer in "national destiny," and inclined to think that policies often shape themselves wisely in spite of us. He regarded the holding of Philippine territory and expansion in the East as something to which we might be compelled to adapt ourselves, and saw no great danger therein to the moral prestige of the country.

Mr. Fiske's library and working-place was just the spot where one might expect notable historical works to be born. It was a large, high, and raftered room, elegantly sombre in design and finish. Its pictures and ornaments were of dignity and value. Thousands of books lined its walls from end to end and from floor to ceiling. Ponderous tomes were scattered about on tables and revolving cases. Everything had the air of a place where research was made. Over the ample fireplace — a practical one, where big logs glow in winter—was this motto, which had no idle meaning there: *Disce ut semper victurus; vive ut cras moriturus.*

The historian's writing-place was an interesting example of household evolution. It stood in a large, square bay-window, originally thrown out from the library as a means of observation

and rest. Finding the light in the main room not exactly satisfactory, Mr. Fiske bethought himself of the aforesaid nook and moved all his literary paraphernalia into it with most excellent results.

With great windows on three sides, the light is perfect, and in summer a fine breeze is always wafted through. Here, on a plain table piled high with manuscripts and reference books, have been written the different volumes comprising the monumental History of the United States, which was still in progress. His latest contribution to the series was "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies," which included New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware.

The making of histories is never rapid work, and Mr. Fiske was content with an average of twelve or fifteen hundred words a day. At one time he worked a great deal at night, and even into the morning hours, but he said he found such labor exacted payment next day, and he then used the forenoon instead. Besides mere writing, there was involved in his work an immense amount of reading, research, and journeying to and fro in preparation for writing. What with his lecturing and the thousand and one demands made upon his time as a citizen of prominence,

he was a busy man indeed. He rarely took a vacation, although he sometimes enjoyed a day's outing down Boston Harbor with a jolly party of friends on a quest for fish.

It would be the merest commonplace to say that in his death American historical literature has met with a distinct loss. The event means far more than that—means so much, indeed, that words will fail to express it. Better than any man writing for this generation, he held up the standard so long maintained by Parkman—a standard to which Parkman gave the noblest qualities and permanent lustre. Mr. Fiske's published tribute to Parkman, fine as it is in other ways, possesses nothing more interesting than the revelation it affords of his own ideals of excellence in the historian—ideals toward which he strove with an intelligence and application that have made each succeeding book from his hands seem finer than any that preceded it.

John Fiske had many qualities that will secure for his name long remembrance and a continuous following of readers. Above all things, he knew his theme and was a perfect master of his material, being never in any way in subjection to it. Conspicuous also was his style—clear and limpid always, picturesque where the occasion was fit

for it, and constantly delightful. Simply as a force in elementary education, his influence has been far-reaching and will long last. That superb school history he wrote of this country has exerted wide sway and is fit for still wider. In it we have a classic.

John Fiske was not an old man. Such vitality seemed to be in him, with that imposing personality, that inexhaustible power for work, that he surely was thought destined to live out the Psalmist's term or beyond it. The books he might have written, and of which the plans must have been in his head, if not in his note-books! —what a loss all these reflections mean, what additions impossible now to that splendid series, which, taken together, must eventually have formed a complete history of the lands we call the United States.

But here surely is not the place to estimate the work John Fiske has done, or the extent of our debt to him, a debt we shall understand all the better now that he is gone. It is rather the place to record the deepest sorrow at his untimely departure from a world he made so much wiser and richer.

The work he might have done, and the joy he would have had in doing it, in that new

Brattle Street home, to which, since his death, the entire collection of his books has been taken —in all 12,000 of them! There, in a room fifty feet by twenty in size, finished in antique oak, with an oaken floor and windows of leaded glass set in diamond shapes, stands this collection which its owner was never to set glad eyes upon in the new shelter he had planned for it. A broad fireplace opens itself at one side of the room. Above it, and just beneath the oaken mantel-top, stands a slab, brought from the Berkeley Street house, bearing in letters of gold the inscription in Latin already mentioned: "Learn as if to live forever; live as if to die to-morrow." Surely we have here one of the finer examples of the pathos of human life.

George W. Cable

In Northampton, Mass.

BY MR. CABLE

Born in 1844, in New Orleans

Old Creole Days. 1879.
The Grandissimes. 1880.
Madame Delphine. 1881.
Dr. Sevier. 1882.
The Creoles of the South. 1884.
The Silent South. 1885.
Bonaventure. 1888.
Strange True Stories of Louisiana. 1889.
The Negro Question. 1890.
John March, Southerner. 1894.
Strong Hearts. 1899.

X

George W. Cable

In Northampton, Mass.

THERE are few literary men who have a sweeter and more congenial home than George W. Cable. Every visitor to "Tarryawhile" carries away a feeling of having seen a truly happy home. "Tarryawhile" is in Northampton, Mass., a mile away from what bustle there is in this quiet old town. You come to it after walking up the hill past the Smith College buildings, passing groups of girls with books under their arms, and after walking up grand old Elm Street, broad and winding, shaded by great trees, and flanked by fine old residences on either side, each with its little park of trees around it. Your guide will direct you to turn to your left, while you are still among these comfortable homes, and will point out at the end of the side street Mr. Cable's house. This street is newer and contains in the main modern houses, although Mr. Cable's house is of the old-fashioned type you have met on your way. Standing as it does at the head of the street, its hospitable door faces you on your

way down. Where the houses end are daisy fields.

Here the author of "Old Creole Days," "Madame Delphine," and "Bonaventure," and other books that have touched men's hearts, lives and writes. It is a beautiful spot, and one that is appropriate to the man whose creation it is. The house stands back from the street on an embankment. It is Colonial in architecture, plain, but attractive. A stoop flanked with newels forms a framework for the old-fashioned doorway, with its swinging halves and oldtime brass knocker.

On the east side of the house extends a wide piazza. The whole aspect of the place is picturesque. The house, painted yellow and buff, is backed by a grove of magnificent pines that plunge suddenly downward to a brook, a few feet from the rear of the house, a spot which for nearly a century has been named Paradise. From the veranda one can see far into the distance to the Holyoke Hills and Mount Holyoke, and farther to the south its twin and comrade, Mount Tom. Between these two bluffs flows the Connecticut.

The visitor will have no difficulty in finding the master of the house. The Cables are

the most hospitable folk, and nobody is ever denied entrance to the house or audience with the novelist, no matter who he may be. During a summer spent with him the writer learned lessons of the finest humility and the most whole-souled human sympathy. From the neighbor who runs in to ask a favor, or the humblest workman of Northampton who wants a penny or a job at weeding the garden, to Mr. Cable's peers in literature, everybody is welcome. No one is made to feel that he has intruded at any hour of the day or night.

It is this quality that has endeared the novelist to everyone in Northampton, though undoubtedly many good folk wonder what an able-bodied man can think of himself who doesn't do a stroke of work, but writes books and goes skylarking around the United States giving lectures. If you meet Mr. Cable in society you are impressed with his intellect, his humanity, his wit and poetry in expression; but if you see him at home, you see all that and much besides. There he is the husband and the father, the lover and the friend, gay, bright, and happy, the soul and spirit of the family, the leader in all the fun.

At the right of the wide hallway, the floor

covered with rugs, are the sitting-room and library, the one behind the other, with a broad door between, where he sees his friends. The first is a small, corner room, with a cheerful fireplace, several rocking-chairs and a book-rack, and here he will meet you and talk by the hour, rocking back and forth in his chair. It looks like a literary workroom—wide and low, and strewn with books and papers in endless disarray. Low bookshelves run on all sides, and in the middle is a table, piled with magazines and papers. The walls are hung with portraits and paintings.

But behind the house and across the lawn, in the edge of the pine grove, is the real workshop, a red-tiled cottage of two rooms, one above the other, and here in his working-hours nobody is admitted except Mrs. Cable. Here a typewriter stands near one of the windows and for Mr. Cable himself there is the inevitable rocking-chair. Here Mr. Cable sits for hours each day, writing. He has acquired the habit of writing on every available and unavailable place except a table.

Mr. Cable's favorite posture is in his rocking-chair, with the pad on the arm, or with one leg thrown over the other, writing on his knee. He

writes with a pencil on the backs of envelopes, with which his pockets are crammed, or on the edges of newspapers. Through habit, he saves scraps of paper, and at the end of a day many of these will bear some of his finest sentences.

Mr. Cable is most delighted when showing a visitor his trees. He has made paths down to the small river at the rear of his house, and cut away the underbrush, so that Paradise, clear down to "Lovers' Lane," is a most beautiful spot. Mr. Cable counts more than seventy varieties of trees on his small domain; next to being a novelist, he is a lover of trees. Around his house are many small trees set out by famous men who have visited him.

Mr. Cable has always been engaged more or less in philanthropic work, to the loss of his literary output, as some fancy, but this is very doubtful, as in any case he would, and will, always be, by avowed choice, a slow worker and sparse producer. He has been intensely interested in work among people of barren homes, and has purchased in Northampton a church, which he has fixed up as a young men's and Women's club-house for the impartation of many sorts of "Home-Culture" club.

The actual working of the club has been given over to a general secretary, but Mr. Cable still visits it often in the evening, and is forever working on new schemes to help the youth of Northampton.

Joaquin Miller

On the Heights back of Oakland, Cal.

BY MR. MILLER

Born in 1841, in the Wabash District of Indiana

Songs of the Sierras. 1871.
Songs of the Lowlands. 1873.
The Ship in the Desert. 1875.
The First Families of the Sierras. 1875.
The Baroness of New York. 1877.
Songs of Italy. 1878.
Shadows of Shasta. 1881.
The Gold-Seekers of the Sierras. 1884.
Songs of the Mexican Seas. 1887.
Songs of the Soul. 1896.

Mr. Miller on his Estate.

XI

Joaquin Miller

On the Heights back of Oakland, Cal.

TO see a poet near at hand, to see him in his own home, is generally matter for disillusion. One recalls that amusing confession by Howells of his first meeting with Charles Warren Stoddard and his deep disappointment that the author of "Chumming With a Savage" should have been so different from his ideal. Even Tennyson, when he growled over Max Müller's mutton chops, showed the feet of clay.

But one who sees Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, in his own home on the heights back of Oakland, need not fear any disappointment; for Joaquin is a living embodiment of his poetry. Absolutely unlike, in his work, any other poet of his day and generation, he is equally unlike his brethren in his personal traits and in his home. For years that home, overlooking the Golden Gate, had been his dream, and even as far back as twenty years ago, when he was the literary lion of London for a season and was the favorite of Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti,

Swinburne, and William Morris, he saw as in a vision the place which he was to create for a hermitage:

"I know a grassy slope above the sea,
The utmost limit of the Western land.

* * * * * * *

Here I shall sit in sunlit life's decline
Beneath my vine and sombre verdant tree.
Some tawny maids in other tongues than mine
Shall minister. Some memories shall be
Before me. I shall sit and I shall see
That last, vast day that dawn shall re-inspire,
The sun fall down upon the farther sea,
Fall wearied down to rest, and so retire,
A splendid sinking isle of far-off fading fire."

With slight poetic license this will serve as an accurate description of the Heights, Joaquin Miller's home, which is about eight miles back of the little village of Fruitvale, a suburb of Oakland. It is reached by the electric cars and a stiff walk of a mile and a half up a winding foothill road, much of the way under the pleasant shade of eucalyptus and acacia trees. Before one is the first high ridge of hills, which forms the base of a spur of the coast range of mountains. At every turn of the road superb glimpses of Oakland and of San Francisco Bay are caught,

framed in the vivid green foliage of the Australian gum-trees.

When at last the crown of the hill is reached and one stands before the poet's home, a splendid prospect is unrolled, such as may be seen from only a few of the great mountains of California. The elevation is only a few hundred feet, but the spot commands an enormous range. All around are rolling hills, flanked by tawny mountains, fading into the purple-blue of the distant horizon, crowned by Mount Diablo. Below and on clear days, seemingly only a gunshot away, are Oakland and Alameda and the green marshes and lagoons that form the crescent shore of San Francisco Bay. For fifty miles the eye takes in the superb sweep of this incomparable bay, and then it rests with delight on the distant city of San Francisco, piled high on its hundred hills, its windows flashing back the brilliant sunshine. Beyond, to the right, one looks through the nearly clasped arms of leaden-colored land—through the famous Golden Gate —out to the deep, blue Pacific, which has never lost its mystery since Balboa first beheld it,

"Silent upon a peak in Darien."

The contour of hills is such that one seems cut off from the world and left to the fellowship

of mountain, sea, and sky. Turning, however, from this great panorama, the poet's home is seen. It consists of several small houses, half hidden among trees and vines and flanked by winding, tree-shaded paths, walled up with stones, which reach clear to the summit of the little hills behind. Entering the gateway, one passes over a little bridge which spans a ditch of clear, running water and comes to the poet's own house, a Gothic cottage, with small porch and wide-open door.

A little way up the steep hillside are three other houses, all half concealed in a maze of roses, passion flowers, acacia, climbing ivy, cedar, spruce, pine, and eucalyptus. Regular thickets are here of the Cherokee rose and tangles of La France and other beautiful roses, with the varied greens of the cedar, the olive, and the pine. When Henry Irving and Ellen Terry visited Miller about four years ago, the pathway from the road to the house over which the famous actors walked was covered with the choicest of roses. Through all this shrubbery run ditches with life-giving water, that water which, with the California sunshine, like that of Palestine, makes a desert blossom as the rose.

Miller did not have the desert to transform,

but he did have a high, dry, rocky hillside. He has converted it into a little paradise of rich blooms and sweet odors. Welcome as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land is the sight of this flower-garden, set in the brown bosom of the hills. More than a dozen springs have been developed, and by means of pipes and ditches the poet has fountains and fish-ponds at his very door.

It was a hot afternoon when the writer climbed the road to the Heights, and, entering the Gothic cottage, found the poet enjoying the coolness of an adjoining room, upon the roof of which an artificial shower was descending. In a rainless season the effect of this patter of the drops on the roof was delightful and soothing. The miracle was performed by the simple means of a perforated pipe leading over the house. The poet was seated on a pallet in the corner. In his usual afternoon garb, he was as picturesque as his surroundings.

Imagine a man of tall, athletic build, with fine, dome-shaped brow; long, tawny hair streaked with gray; a tangle of yellow mustache and beard; a strong, large nose, sunburned like his cheeks, and clear, flashing, gray-blue eyes that look out from under heavy, bushy eyebrows

with the quickness and the eagerness of a boy's. Something there is of the scout and the plainsman in the eyes, face, and movements. He looks as one fancies Kit Carson looked when he guided Frémont the Pathfinder through the hostile Indian country out to the Western sea. Miller was dressed in a corduroy coat, trousers in boots, pongee shirt, with loose Japanese silk neck-scarf, and broad sombrero. The whole appearance of the man suggested his revolt against any restraint of costume, just as his talk suggests his warfare on conventionality and his delight in what is free and spontaneous in nature and life.

The poet's workroom is the main apartment of the Gothic cottage. The sun streams in through the open door. The walls are ceiled with the California redwood, unstained and without touch of shellac or oil. On the bare floor are a few fine skins, and on the bed in the corner are other robes. The remainder of the furniture consists of a bureau, with a wide-open top drawer, mainly used as a receptacle for "copy," and a couple of chairs. On the walls are many photographs and engravings of famous men—Tennyson, Browning, Morris, Sir Walter Besant, Garibaldi, Napoleon, and many others,

with some ideal heads from the English weekly papers. On the bureau is a glass with some beautiful roses.

Miller works wholly in bed. When he wakes in the morning he has his coffee. Then he makes a bolster of his pillows, gets out a large manila pad, and goes to work. He usually writes in pencil, in big hieroglyphics, which only those trained to the peculiarities of his penmanship can decipher. These sheets are afterward typewritten. He waits for this transcript before making any corrections. As a rule, he works steadily till noon. Then he dresses, has lunch with his family, and devotes the remainder of the day to labor or recreation out of doors.

With Miller the gift of song came by nature; it has never been developed by art. The lyric faculty, which one of our best critics declares that he has in greater measure than any American poet except Poe, he uses with the same freedom that a great singer uses his voice. Words come to him without effort, and language becomes plastic under his hand as it has only been in this age under the hands of Tennyson and Swinburne.

His best work breathes his love for the moun-

tains and the forests of the Sierras, the home of his boyhood; and these songs, which make the exiled Californian homesick, were written while he was in Europe. In him also is a great longing to reproduce the splendid courage and the spiritual power of the early navigators—Magellan, Drake, Vancouver, Hawkins, and all that noble crew—half adventurers and half pirates—who solved the mystery of the unknown Pacific. He believes that here is the field for the future poet and romance writer, rather than in the past of the Old World, which has been dug over until all its freshness is gone.

Joaquin does not care to talk of the work he has done. He looks forward to greater and finer work in the future. His noblest poems have been written within five years. One is on the death of Tennyson, the other on Columbus. Either would serve to assure fame for a poet. On returning from Alaska two years ago he long felt the physical effects of the enormous strain of life under the Arctic Circle, but his mind eventually became clearer and stronger, and his impressions took shape.

When he talks of the scenery of the Far North his eye lights up with enthusiasm. "My

old loyalty to the Sierras," he says, "is gone. Those Northern mountains dwarf our Shasta and our Yosemite. No words can describe their grandeur; it weighs on the soul. Clothed in perpetual snow, with great sabre gashes down their sides, they give one the impression of a tremendous force which menaces man and makes all his work seem puny and contemptible. The world has no scenery like that which meets the traveller on the way to the Klondike. Then, too, the coloring of the mountains, the effects of the midnight sun on fields of ice and snow, the long arctic night—these are things which would make the greatest artist in words realize how poor is his skill." Joaquin put his impressions of the Yukon country and his experiences as a prospector on the Klondike into a lecture, which he has delivered throughout the East.

After this talk we went out and strolled up the hill to look over the poet's possessions. In the nearest cottage was his favorite daughter, Miss Maud Miller. Farther up the hill, in the best sheltered spot, is the prettiest cottage—the home of the poet's mother. He calls her "My Queen," and for her everyone else must give way. This love and reverence for his mother

reveals Miller's best traits—the tenderness of his nature and the kindness which has survived many harsh experiences. Though over eighty, the old lady is still bright in mind and active in body. She takes a keen interest in current affairs, and talks well. In her pleasant reception-room is the art treasure of the Heights—a superb portrait of John C. Frémont, painted by Jewett in 1852. It shows the fine eyes of the Pathfinder, with the curve of the eyebrow that betokens courage and will, and it seems to me to reveal more of the real character of the man than any other picture. It was painted on a tablecloth of one of the Panama steamers, and its genuineness is fully attested.

Everyone on the Heights has a separate dwelling-place where privacy may be enjoyed. Joaquin believes in personal seclusion. He thinks that the world loses much from its tendency to gregariousness. He believes that a man should not be too familiar even with the members of his own family, and that there are times when solitude is a necessity. His system may seem odd, but it has much to recommend it.

Over beyond Miller's cottage is a trout-pond filled with pretty fish, and farther up the hill a

Doric gateway which leads to the higher paths. Joaquin has demonstrated on this steep hillside how many beautiful walks one may make by planting a few trees. The lower sides of the paths are walled up with stone, and are thus protected from washing by heavy rains. Far up on the summit of the hill is a solid stone mausoleum or funeral pyre, eight feet high, ten feet long, and ten feet broad. It is made of black flint rock, and will endure for ages. The poet has left instructions that his body shall be cremated upon it, and the ashes flung to the four winds of heaven. Near at hand is a huge bowlder on which is graven, "To the Unknown." Upon the summit of another hill is a pyramidal pile of rocks dedicated to Browning, while not far away the poet hopes to erect a monument to Frémont, by the side of a huge bowlder which marks the site of the Pathfinder's camp when he passed over these hills in 1843.

Returning from the summit, one is impressed more strongly than before with Miller's success in transforming this stony, barren hillside into a garden of roses and pleasant, shaded paths. Under his own vines and olives I took leave of the Poet of the Sierras, who has been able to

put his yearning for beauty into practical form and to make an ideal home on this Western shore, where—

"The bland
Still air is fresh with touch of wood and tide."

Edmund Clarence Stedman

In Lawrence Park, Bronxville, New York

BY MR. STEDMAN

Born in 1833 in Hartford, Conn.

Poems Lyrical and Idyllic. 1860.
Poems. [Complete Edition.] 1874.
Victorian Poets. 1875.
Hawthorne and Other Poems. 1877.
Lyrics and Idylls. 1879.
Poets of America. 1885.
Library of American Literature. [Editor of, with Miss Hutchinson.] Eleven vols. 1887–90.
The Nature and Elements of Poetry. 1892.
Victorian Anthology. 1895.
Poems Now First Collected. 1897.
American Anthology. 1901.

Mr. Stedman's Home.

XII

Edmund Clarence Stedman

In Lawrence Park, Bronxville, New York

ANYONE who looks into the beautiful home of Mr. Stedman must regard it as in a sense a literary centre of New York. This was eminently true when he dwelt in Fifty-fourth Street, and later in Thirtieth Street. It is still true now that his home is in Lawrence Park, Bronxville, which lies a few miles north of the city confines on the Harlem Railroad. Before Mr. and Mrs. Stedman began to gather their literary friends about them many years ago, it had pleased the humor of Boston to speed its arrows of wit at New York for its pretensions to establish literary circles and coteries. But when literary Boston was invited by the Stedmans to dinner, the satirical arrows seemed of a sudden to lose their edge.

During the four or five years that Mr. and Mrs. Stedman occupied their house in Fifty-fourth Street, New York acquired a distinct literary centre. On Sundays—their evenings at home—there was such a varied assemblage of guests as only a metropolis can bring together.

Not only authors and artists, critics and professional men, but such of fashion as really possessed culture, found their way there. At the weekly dinners were to be met the distinguished foreigner, the latest successful novelist or young poet, and the wittiest and most beautiful women. Since the formation of that literary centre New York has made good its claim to literary supremacy. Boston meanwhile has fallen to the rear. At the house of the Stedmans in Lawrence Park, a literary centre still exists, and at receptions the wise, the witty, and the successful are present.

This Lawrence Park home is a fine two-story structure, architecturally suggestive of the manors of the well-to-do forefathers. It is situated in the centre of a literary and artistic colony. Lawrence Park comprises ninety acres, and the dozen or so artists and writers who have their homes there are all distinguished in their kind. There are no fences. The wide-rolling lawn is common property.

From the windows of this twenty-roomed-dwelling are landscape pictures almost without number. The balcony from the second floor looks over the tree-tops to where the Convent of St. Joseph, on the shore of the Hudson, miles

away, lifts its towers to the sky—a sea of green in summer, a vale of many colors in autumn, and a hollow of leaden frosted twigs in winter. Lawrence Park is a colony set on a hill, and on the crown of the hill stands the house of the Stedmans.

Once across the wide lawn and broad piazza and within the ample front door, the sense of light, breadth, and comfort irresistibly takes hold of one. The feeling is that the place is pleasantly equipped with rarities in art and literature. The furnishings are neither heavy nor gorgeous, but light, warm in color, pleasing in outline, and above all, abundant and serviceable. The reception-room displays a broad staircase to the floor above, with doors leading into the library, dining-room, and poet's study.

One is immediately made aware by the most pleasing devices that in this house the arts and not the upholstery are called upon to do the honors. These admirable results are due almost entirely to the taste and skill of Mrs. Stedman, who possesses a genuine artistic instinct for grouping and effect. A tour of the house is a passing in review of trophies won at sales, bits picked up in foreign travel, a pur-

chase now and then from some choice collection, either of glass or china, prints or etchings.

In the poet's study is a noted portrait of Miss Fletcher, the author of "Kismet" and "Vestigia," painted by her step-father, Mr. Eugene Benson. Here also is one of the very earliest of Wyant's paintings, "An Irish Bog," which was the first work of that talented painter sold in the East. Mr. Stedman bought it when the artist was very much unknown. There are paintings of Poe and medallions of Bayard Taylor and Stedman by Donovan, and mementoes of departed authors in large numbers.

The halls and walls of every room show treasures. Among the paintings are "A Lion and Lioness," by George Butler; Winslow Homer's "Voice from the Cliff," with the inspiring trio of faces and magnificent sweep of arms of women; Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," by Bellows; one of Bayard Taylor's aquarelles, and a sketch by Henry Bacon. And of books there stands a legion from the elect, autographed and otherwise made sacred by ties of friendship. They are principally poems, including scarce first editions collected without bibliomania.

Those who loved Eugene Field would delight in the little pamphlet of original poems written and illustrated in pen and ink by Field, and sent to Stedman with the most friendly dedication. The two men were good friends during Field's life and this Horace of Sabine Farm never forgot the kindly service Stedman did him in securing a Boston publisher for his first volume.

Of a different shade but similar texture were Mr. Stedman's relations with Bayard Taylor, George H. Boker, Richard Henry Stoddard and all those who were with him in the early days. William Dean Howells in his "Impressions of Literary New York" touches upon the time in question and tells how he found Stedman. Says Mr. Howells: "He had a worldly dash along with his supermundane gifts which took me almost as much, and all the more because I could see that he valued himself nothing upon it."

Seemingly, Mr. Stedman's life lies down in Wall Street, where his banking-house exists amid the hurrying throng of money-makers and the excitement of the Stock Exchange. Yet, either by nature or through force of circumstances, he is the typical literary man of the

day. He is the man of his epoch, of the moment—of the very latest moment. There is that in his make-up which gives him the air of constantly pressing the button which puts him in relation with the civilized activities of the world.

He was born man of the world as well as poet, with a sensitive response to his age and surroundings that has enabled him to touch the life of his day at many points. He owes it to an equally rare endowment, to talent for leading two quite separate lives, that he has been enabled to maintain his social life free from the influences of his career as an active business man. The broker is a separate and distinct person from the writer and poet. The two, it is true, meet as one on friendly terms on the street or at the club; but it is within the four walls of the poet's house that his true life is led.

And his has been an eventful life. While his mother and stepfather were living abroad, the latter being Minister to Italy, he was a war correspondent in the Civil War, which inspired one of his finest poems, "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry." Then he saw how men make money, and supported himself as a

stock-broker and banker. If every writer whom his labors have placed under obligations to him should send a violet to his house, it would be filled with those tributes.

He is sixty-eight, and in his features, pure as those of a Greek sculptured in the time of Pericles, there are marks of scarcely two-thirds as many years. At thirty, his blue eyes, the shade of which has an Oriental warmth, cannot have been clearer or braver. The asperities of life, severe trials, exacting popularity and triumphs arduously attained, have not darkened his forehead; an elevated idea or the shadow of some dream is always reflected there.

He is lithe and erect, and his white wide beard is Atlantean, and as if intended to signify that Stedman shall remain eternally young and that old age shall always seek in vain for an appearance in him. Mr. Stedman is an emblem of the distinction which lies in the soul of all poets. He is a visible sign that the race of thinkers and the race of men of action are not essentially different, but one and the same.

In his library, the walls of which are lined with books, paintings, and art objects, a little

clock on the mantel rings the hour with a crystal voice. There are tables covered with books and papers. There are letters in piles high as the Tower of Babel and as confused in languages, leaning as the Tower of Pisa, in spirals as the Tower of Sidon—invitations to festivals, verses of a score of good poets, requests for literary advice, communications from authors, artists, publishers, friends. Mr. Stedman replies courteously, with poetic unselfishness. His correspondents do not know all the sacrifices he makes for them. He renounces his heroes, his thoughts, his dreams, and his real life for them.

Some correspondents wish to know what is the most direct road to fame, others the road to wealth. These wish that he would teach them his art; others ask for his autograph. He may not be in love with the angels of mechanical progress. Perhaps he prefers the time when Michael Angelo carved a colossus out of a block of stone, and when Rembrandt scratched his sublime etchings, rather than the time when ingenious processes are invented to reproduce masterpieces. But he lives in an age of progress, deserves to enjoy its advantages, and should be exonerated from the

duty of replying to letters. The visitors exclaimed:

"Why do you not let your secretary reply to letters, or use a printed form, or simply refuse to reply, or announce that you are in a monastery impenetrable to correspondents?" "Because," Mr. Stedman replies, "many of them are letters like this, and this, and this." He shows such as a king would answer at length in his own handwriting.

Among the books is a copy of "Vignettes in Rhyme" by Austin Dobson, edited by Stedman and published in 1880, which tells a pretty tale. In his dedication of the book to Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dobson had written the phrase "made me very pleased and proud." Stedman, objecting to the use of "very" before a participle, changed the phrase to "made me proud and very happy," advised Dobson of his act, and received from him the following letter:

DEAR S.—The error is allowed;
'Tis clear I can't be "pleased" and "proud";
So if it give your scruples ease,
Let me be "proud" and what you please.
Indeed, I'm rather glad I said it;
It shows how carefully you edit;
And if I break the head of Priscian,
I hope you'll always be physician,

Since you so cleverly can cut
A plaster for his occiput—
Making it plain how close you follow,
In all his attributes, Apollo,
Who, with a musical degree,
Like Holmes, was also an M.D.

To these lines it is only fair to add verses from Stedman himself. The following were written as another stanza to "The Old Picture Dealer" in Mr. Samuel P. Avery's copy of "Songs and Ballads" published in 1884 for the members of the Book Fellows Club:

And yet,—and yet might time decree
That Avery should my fame restore,
That hovering shade would smile to see
His Virgin shrined as ne'er before!
Then, for one votary at my throne,
The world should worship in his stead,
And with its proffered gold atone
For long neglect through centuries sped.

Mr. Stedman has augmented his copy of "The Poets of America" by the insertion of portraits and autographs of the poets mentioned in the work. "It is not a hand-book," he says; "I wrote it to set forth my ideas of poetry. It was ever my wish to express my opinions in this way, if I became independent. I wrote

passages of the 'Victorian Poets' while in college."

"What is your masterpiece?" he was asked. "It is not yet written," he replied. "I trust it will come one day. But I never write a poem, a poem writes me."

The charm of his conversation is irresistible. His voice is rhymic and well tuned; his eyes, even in the fixity which his introspective moods provoke, are expressive of the most delicate shades of thought. At the Authors' Club or at his Sunday evening reunions young men gather around him.

"Never was attack more unjust than Hannay's on Stoddard about Poe," Mr. Stedman said, continuing the conversation. "You see," he said, as he opened a little book, "Hannay quotes a line, 'His faults were many, his virtues few.' Now listen to Stoddard's 'Miserrimus.' Mr. Stedman recited from memory:

He has passed away
From a world of strife.
Fighting the wars of Time and Life.
The leaves will fall when the winds are loud
And the snows of winter will weave his shroud.
But he will never, ah, never know,
Anything more
Of leaves or snow.

The summer tide
Of his life was past,
And his hopes were fading, falling fast.
His faults were many, his virtues few,
A tempest with flecks of Heaven's blue.
He might have soared to the gates of light,
But he built his nest
With the birds of night.

"How beautiful it is!" he exclaimed. "The young men of to-day do not read Stoddard enough. There are not five men able to write blank verse like his. Writing blank verse is like standing nude. Everybody may do it, but few may stand the test. Do you remember the lines:

Where wild Laconia juts into the sea
The fisher Diotimus had his home.
Between the waters and the woods it stood,
A wattled hut, whose floor was strewn with leaves
And crisp, dry seaweed; when the tide came in,
The surf ran up the beach even to the door.

"It is 'The Fisher and Charon' which made me an enthusiastic admirer of Stoddard," said he as he took from a shelf a copy of "The Songs of Summer." Several of its pages were dog-eared. The book had been often read. "It is marvellous," he said, "that a poet wrote

thus in New York forty years ago. If Stoddard had been in Cambridge among those who were advertised, he would have been instantly recognized as one of the world's poets. Linton and Stoddard — have you ever seen them together? Linton with his Christ-like forehead, and Stoddard with his large eyes that are full of light and wit. They are like two ancient kings of poetry and romance."

Mr. Stedman, by the way, has a Chamber of Horrors where are packed books of mediocre poems. It would be amusing to visit it, but it would be lamentable if his humor changed. "Do you like the new poets?" he was asked. "The average of art in modern poems," he replied, "is higher than that of imagination. Many persons have mastered the technique of poetry. I suppose that if there were clay in every road-bank there would be as many good sculptors as there are good poets. Only I am convinced that the true poet is not made by study. He is poet born and he lisps in numbers."

The conversation turned to the liberality of Mr. Stedman's human sympathies, and Mr. Stedman said: "I have lived in Bohemia. The idea that I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth is a false one. My relatives were well

situated, but I had to shift for myself at fifteen. At thirty I went into the Stock Exchange because I needed to be independent in order to write and study. A school-teacher or a newspaper man has not my advantage for literary work, because his constant occupation is of the same nature as the one he desires. My quotidian five hours at the Exchange are hours of card or chess playing. To turn from this to literature is relaxation. I could not write when I was managing editor."

Referring to his "Library of American Literature" he said American literature was distinctively American and in a more promising condition now than ever.

Thomas Nelson Page

In Washington, D. C.

BY MR. PAGE

Born in 1853 in Oakland, Va.

In Ole Virginia. 1887.
Two Little Confederates. 1888.
Meh Lady. 1893.
Pastime Stories. 1894.
Polly : A Christmas Recollection. 1894.
Unc' Edinburgh. 1895.
The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. 1897.
Social Life in Old Virginia Before the War. 1897.
Red Rock. 1898.
Two Prisoners. 1898.

XIII

Thomas Nelson Page

In Washington, D. C.

MR. PAGE has known poverty, his family having been ruined by the Civil War. In consequence he has never lost sympathy with struggling humanity, nor interest in the affairs of those less fortunate than himself, although he to-day occupies one of the most beautiful houses in Washington, and is, of course, to be counted among the most successful American writers.

His house, which is in the Colonial style of architecture, stands in the northwestern section of the city, the portion of most rapid growth and also of greatest fashion. It is difficult to believe that the land upon which it stands was only a few years ago still unreclaimed from the general wilderness of vacant lots and rural ponds.

His workshop, or "den," is on the top floor, so that in order to reach him the writer had to climb three long flights of stairs. It was, however, interesting climbing. Part of the way up the wall is draped with beautiful tapestries, and then come a number of framed originals of the

illustrations for his earliest stories—"Marse Chan," "Meh Lady," and "Edinburg's Drowning." On the first landing hangs a proof of Mr. C. D. Gibson's pen-and-ink cover design for "Soldiers of Fortune," and through the doorway one catches a glimpse of the library, with its big, easy chairs and long ranges of books. The vision is tempting, but the pleasure must be deferred.

Mr. Page stands in the doorway waiting to receive his guest, who enters the house with somewhat of the deprecating feeling that one necessarily experiences in bearding a celebrity in his den; but before his old-fashioned Southern welcome all doubts of impertinence vanish. In fact, before leaving, the stranger has reached the pleasant conviction that it is he, and not Mr. Page, who is conferring the favor. Great is the power of hospitality!

One glance shows that the room is plain, almost severe. It is evidently the abode of a worker, but of just what kind an unadvised stranger might be puzzled to tell. The bookshelves which line the walls are well filled, but it is a motley collection. Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, Congressional Reports of the Ku-Klux Trials, history—all find a place. A number of

volumes of a collection of Mr. Page's stories are unceremoniously displaced from a chair to make room for their author and creator. There seems a certain fitness in this, although one cannot help thinking that his chivalry would not have allowed him to do it, had he stopped to remember the ladies within their pages.

Somehow the usual stock of "interview" questions with which the writer was primed did not get themselves asked. Mr. Page is, when the spirit moves him, a talkative man, and before long was engaged in an animated discussion of the principles of art, that, in catholic impartiality, covered the fields of literature, painting, and sculpture, and the entire range of history. The chair by right belonging to "Pastime Stories" was abandoned, and the host took to pacing the floor, stopping now and then to listen respectfully to opposing arguments.

He is a medium-sized man, quick and decided in movement, with strongly marked features. His accent distinctly denotes the Virginian, but not in a disagreeably pronounced manner. It is evident that he is a keen observer. On first meeting a stranger, he seems to seek to take him in at one glance; then for some time he watches closely for the slight, but important,

indications of character that are revealed in manner and expression. After gaining an estimate, however, of his interlocutor, he lays him aside, so to speak, as an artist his sketch, for future leisurely amplification.

In certain respects Mr. Page is distinctly old-fashioned; the simple, direct ideas of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray regarding honor and morality satisfy him entirely; the modern "problem" novel has no attraction for him. Even in conversation he is a good deal of an idealist. For this reason he turns for a demonstration of his views to classic art, with its exposition of the type, the principle, rather than to modern art, with its dominant individualism. An engraving of Cabanel's "Birth of Venus" hangs above his fireplace, and even this beautiful conception came in for his criticism as the glorification of a particularly beautiful woman, the most beautiful in Paris, rather than a presentation of the idea of beauty expressed in the human form. Cover up the hovering cupids, he urged, shut out the poetic idea, leaving only Venus, and we see how much of the carnal is present.

As a natural corollary to these views springs disapproval of the methods of realism. It is not necessary, he argues, even were it possible,

to put us in the exact position of the tempted one, as the realists strive to do. It is sufficient that we grasp the situation intellectually, without knowledge of all the details.

As an ending to this somewhat abstruse discussion came the characteristically modest remark: "Of course I realize that I don't really know a thing about what I'm talking about; I am only giving a personal opinion." Thereafter dogmatic assertion of one's views had somewhat lost its charm.

There are a number of very interesting articles in the workshop of the author of "In Ole Virginia," among others an odd-looking pen-rack, which it seems was originally a cavalry horse-bit, with the letters U. S. on it, captured at Bull Run, and thereafter used throughout the war by his father, and a battered army-chest, which was also in the possession of his father, a major in the Confederate Army. As tiles for the facing of the fireplace serve the electrotype plates of his first book of stories, the ones that made him famous.

The object, however, from which he seems to derive the greatest diversion is a battered green bronze head, whose former home was the bed of Father Tiber. As he himself was

"taken in" by this "antique," he hugely enjoys repeating the process on unwary visitors; the only adequate safeguard is the knowledge of an expert or complete ignorance; a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Carefully, tenderly he lifts down this bronze caryatid head, and hands it to his unsuspecting victim. "Now, how many centuries old do you think this is?" he asks, as a child seeking information; "would you place it before the Christian era?" You have been in Rome, and the temptation is too strong. You are not quite certain, but, ahem! the treatment of the head is distinctly pagan, especially the hair; it can hardly be later than the age of Marcus Aurelius. Mr. Page looks thankful for the information, naïvely remarking, however, that it is strange how authorities differ, the great experts Lanciani and Castellani having said on seeing the head: "It ees gude; but it ees not olt, feefteen year, perhaps." Yes, it is strange how authorities differ.

Those who imagine that because an author's style is easy and flowing the amount of labor put upon his works has therefore been small should see the numerous bundles of manuscript in Mr. Page's study marked variously—Original Draft of Red Rock, Discarded Manuscript

of Red Rock, Red Rock Rewritten, etc. This story, which ran through *Scribner's Magazine*, had, it seems, been a long time in the making, about three years, including idle months. After writing the first cast, he came to the conclusion that politics had been allowed to play too prominent a part, and to rectify this fault the entire book was rewritten in shorter form. No amount of pains is spared by him to bring his work to perfection.

Interesting in connection with this subject is his account of methods pursued while giving public readings. In accordance with his theory that never was story written not permitting of advantageous shortening, he would carefully watch for signs of flagging interest on the part of audiences, and then immediately skip to a more interesting part, marking the offending paragraphs for future elimination. His published volumes have profited by this heroic surgical procedure.

At last curiosity about the library was to be satisfied; the two left the study and descended to the first floor. On entering the vast room a book-lover gives an involuntary gasp of delight. Everything, apparently, necessary to happiness is in sight—writing-table, easy-chairs, drop-

lights, and, above all, books in regiments of yellow, red, and white. In this room it seems perfect contentment should be found if anywhere. Yet in answer to a remark that from such beautiful surroundings one should draw inspiration, Mr. Page observed that comfort may serve but to lull the soul to sleep. "I often say," he added, "that whenever the time comes when one poses as a successful man, on that day every spark in him that is worth anything has gone out. A man must keep in touch and sympathy with life, and draw inspiration from what is going on about him, not from his material surroundings."

To nearly all of us some one author has come in early youth as a revealer of the wonderful, inexhaustible field of romance, casting over us an enchanted spell from which we have never afterward escaped. To some it has been Dumas, to others Victor Hugo. The necromancer of Mr. Page's boyhood days was Scott. To him the name of the great writer of Abbotsford is one to conjure with, to call up delicious memories of lazy sunny days in Virginia under the trees, or cold winter nights by the fire when he pored over the pages of "Kenilworth" or "Quentin Dur-

ward" by the fitful light of a pine knot, to save the cost of candles.

It is but natural, therefore, that he should to-day cherish as his most precious possession a small battered copy of Cowper's poems containing on the fly-leaf a page of French in Sir Walter's own handwriting. As he took down the quaint old book, whose cover is threatening to fall apart, his face fairly shone. Comparatively unmoved he had shown other treasures—a book from the library of Boswell, Wordsworth's copy of Landor's poems, containing original manuscript poems by Landor to Wordsworth, all sank into insignificance beside the volume which Scott had once held in his hands.

In his treatment of Virginia and her people Mr. Page has, consciously or unconsciously, followed the methods of the great Scotchman—before commencing to write he steeped himself in the traditions of the people, living among them and learning to know them intimately at first hand. Again like Scott, his literary career at the start was accidental. In fact, it is hardly correct to speak of the start of his literary "career" at all, as not for years after the publication of "Marse Chan" did he take the final plunge and definitely abandon law for literature.

He simply allowed himself to drift with open eyes from one profession into the other, until at last the time came when he had argued his last case and received his last fee. The law, as Blackstone observed, is a jealous mistress, and in Mr. Page's case this is freshly illustrated, for he is at present turning his attention to the study of international law, in which, he considers, lie great opportunities.

The popular author is never left long unmolested. Even though possessing agility in avoiding reporters acquired by long practice, it is impossible to escape the United States mail; letters are no respecters of persons—they force themselves into a man's house and upon his attention. On the present occasion a large, official-looking document arrived to claim Mr. Page's notice, together with several others of more modest appearance. The large envelope, it turns out, contained a voluminous "original" manuscript, which the author sent for "consideration and criticism." The mere sight thereof made one appreciate anew the inestimable advantages of obscurity. One of the smaller envelopes was addressed in this fashion:

Thomas Nelson
Page of the Washington Post.

This peculiar superscription, however, was made clear by perusal of the letter. The writer proceeded to state that he had had a brother by the name of Thompson Neilson, who had emigrated with him to this country from Sweden, but of whom he had since lost track. Seeing Mr. Page's poem apropos of the Maine disaster, entitled "The Dragon of the Sea," in *The Washington Post*, he had thought that perhaps at last his search might prove successful. The grammar and spelling of the letter were at the least irregular, but its *naiveté* and simple trustfulness were touching. "I was offel glad when I seen your name," it closed; "let me know from you. I was glad if you was my brother."

"There, I shall write that man the nicest letter I know how," said Mr. Page, as he laid the letter away for future use, with quite brotherly tenderness. It was evident that the incident had impressed him. The exact meaning of the line, "Page of the Washington Post," we were forced to leave undetermined.

As the two men descended the stairway one of them was reminded of Robert Browning's "Duchess" when the Duke points out his treasures to his parting guest—here a landscape, yonder an old Sedan chair, and again a Lapland

bride's side-saddle, transformed into a hall chair by the simple addition of legs. The last curiosity on view was an old-fashioned grinning negro who was busily cutting the grass in front of the house. On observing that he was the object of our conversation he grinned approval. "Jack" had, it seems, been employed as hod-carrier during the construction of Mr. Page's house several years previous. Fortunately for Jack, in a moment of absent-mindedness, he had fallen from the second story and lit on his head. This member had saved his life and he had then been permanently retained as servant, thus proving, as Mr. Page explained, that he had fallen on his feet, after all.

F. Hopkinson Smith

In East Thirty-fourth Street, New York

BY MR. SMITH

Born in 1838 in Baltimore

Well-worn Roads in Spain, Holland, and Italy. 1886.
A White Umbrella in Mexico. 1889.
Colonel Carter of Carterville. 1891.
A Day at Laguerre's, and Other Days. 1892.
A Gentleman Vagabond and Some Others. 1895.
Tom Grogan. 1896.
Gondola Days. 1897.
Venice of To-day. 1896–98.
Caleb West, Master Diver. 1898.

Mr. Smith's Studio in his Home.

XIV

F. Hopkinson Smith

In East Thirty-fourth Street, New York

ON the slope of the hill between Lexington and Third Avenues and on the south side of Thirty-fourth Street stands a house which may be distinguished from its fellows by a studio window rising above its roof. If on a winter's evening a ruddy light warms this particular window, making of it an illuminated square in the surrounding darkness, one may assume almost with certainty that its owner, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, is entertaining some of his friends with his very newest story or otherwise dispensing his hospitality.

For twenty years this house has been the New York home of the artist-author, and the room at the top on evenings and Sunday afternoons has been the pleasant resort of many men distinguished in literary and art work. The fireplace, which casts a red glow on book-shelves and pictured walls, on easels and easy-chairs, is rimmed by a cool blue border of tiles, a souvenir of a club of small membership and unlimited good-fellowship which left its impress on

the magazines and on the hearts of the people of more than a decade ago.

Here are the loving tributes of hands that are cold as well as of hands still warm with work — a Reinhart, a Quartley, a Sarony — among tiles by Abbey, Chase, Wier, Swain Gifford, and others. A portrait of Elihu Vedder looks down from one side of the chimney-piece and the face of Mark Twain from the other, and a conspicuous place on the wall is occupied by a crayon portrait of Ned Holland in the character of Colonel Carter. This studio is a resting-place rather than a workshop, for few pictures have been painted in it, while many collections from afield and abroad have halted here for a critical examination and a slight retouching on their way to the exhibition room.

Crayons and water-colors are seen here and there to line the stairway as we descend into the body of this house we have so burglariously entered, and sunny bits of Venice and Spain hang on the walls of the family rooms over against the mill-sails of Holland and the minarets of the Turk. In the dining-room is a portrait of Francis Hopkinson, the Signer, great-grandfather of Francis Hopkinson Smith. There is a striking absence on every hand of souvenirs of travel, such as are

collected by the ordinary tourist. Mr. Smith himself, in his pursuit of studies in color and in character, is in too deadly earnest to be turned aside after vases or idols, and the other members of his family are never going abroad for the last time and would as soon think of carrying souvenirs of New York to the banks of the Bosporus.

If, however, there is a noticeable absence of curios, there is a suggestive prevalence of open desks by sunny windows, and yet there is not a room in this house, not even the den at the top, not a desk or a chair, that can be particularly identified with the production of one of Mr. Smith's books. His workshop is where he finds an hour's release from the business of the day, and his power of concentration is such and his literary work is mapped out with such admirable system that he can utilize that hour to as good advantage as if it occurred in the middle of an undisturbed morning devoted to authorship.

The leisure hour may be the hour before dinner, the hour before a train, or four weeks of waiting in Constantinople, as once occurred, for permission to set up his easel. More often this opportunity for literary work occurs at his business office near Wall Street, where Mr. Smith

goes daily when in this city, and where indeed much of his writing has been done in a little dingy private office, surrounded by specimens of granite and samples of cement. Whatever Mr. Smith does he does with the enthusiasm of a boy, and with an indifference to his surroundings that makes it possible to believe that, if necessary, he could write his books as he paints his pictures, seated on a camp-stool in the street surrounded by a chattering crowd.

Although born and reared in Baltimore, Mr. Smith suggests the New Englander rather than the Southerner. Even New York has failed to assimilate his restless personality, and among strangers he would be taken for a Yankee from Boston or a "hustler" from Chicago. His capacity for work is unlimited, and he never thinks of dropping one line of work because taking up another, but with increasing facility he exacts from himself an increase of output. Since he has become an author, a lecturer, and a reader of his own works, instead of showing a half-dozen pictures at the annual exhibition of the Water Color Society, as formerly, he makes a yearly exhibition of his own, going to Venice, Constantinople, and Holland for his subjects. The secret of his accomplishing so much lies

always in the perfect system that governs his work. His manuscripts are mapped out after a method all his own in skeleton chapters in blank-books ruled for the purpose. He always knows what the ending will be before he begins a story, and business method lies behind every pen stroke.

In short, he writes a book as he paints a picture or builds a light-house: a little plotting with charcoal, a rectifying of lines with the brush, and then the floating on of color. In the old days it was a bucketful of water and a flooding of the japanned box to wash away impurities and traces of body color, hard work by day and exhaustion at night. Mr. Smith will never outgrow his boyish enthusiasm for the picturesque in nature or in character. In this respect the years have wrought no change in him.

In the Tile Club days, when he paid his first visit to Cold Spring Harbor on Long Island, having arrived by stage after dark, the writer took him on the water in the moonlight. Arthur Quartley and Stanley Reinhart were in the boat. There were stars above and stars below, and trailing phosphorus and rocking schooners against velvet-black masses of foliage and shadow, and, as we come out from under the great

willows, our new arrival stood up in the boat and announced to the land and the water in a fine burst of enthusiasm: "I'll let you know I'm here in the morning."

In those days it was a favorite assertion of his that it required two men to paint a picture—one to do the work and the other to club off the artist when it was done. Perhaps he was conscious that he existed in a sort of dual personality for the carrying out of this very principle, having Francis H. Smith, the business man, always at the elbow of F. Hopkinson Smith, the artist. So the sentences of the author are never wiggled or pottered over until their virility and freshness are destroyed by over-elaboration.

The development of the writer after fifty, in which vocation Mr. Smith has achieved his best success, may at first seem to indicate a misconception of his talent at the outset of his career. May it not, fortunately for himself and for his admirers, have been an evolution of ripening along unconsciously methodical lines, through the stages of artist and story-teller up to author, in which the other half of the dual personality was controlled and evolved for the best?

Donald G. Mitchell

At Edgewood, in New Haven, Conn.

BY MR. MITCHELL

Born in 1822 in Norwich, Conn.

Fresh Gleanings. 1847.
The Battle Summer. 1848.
The Lorgnette. 2 v. 1850.
Reveries of a Bachelor. 1850.
Dream Life. 1851.
My Farm of Edgewood. 1863.
Seven Stories with Basement and Attic. 1864.
Wet Days at Edgewood. 1864.
Dr. Johns. 1866.
Out-of-Town Places. 1884.
About Old Story-Tellers. 1877.
Bound Together. 1884.
English Lands, Letters, and Kings. 4 v. 1889–90.
American Lands and Letters. 2 v. 1897–99.

Mr. Mitchell's Library.

XV

Donald G. Mitchell

At Edgewood, in New Haven, Conn.

MR. MITCHELL has himself entertainingly informed us of the circumstances of his settlement at Edgewood, and the public has probably gained, through the medium of his various books, an intimate acquaintance with his country home. It is the Edgewood of 1863, however, at that time one of the most flourishing of our New England farms—the Edgewood of Mr. Mitchell's charming books, with its beehives, its lilac bushes, its evergreen coppices, its indispensable eastern slope, its sunny frontage, its strip of sea, and its twinkling light-house barely discernible from the library window—with which all lovers of literature have been familiarized during the past forty years.

"My Farm of Edgewood," which appeared in 1863, formed one of the chief literary delights of the older generation, and still makes innumerable friends among the new. It bids fair, indeed, to take permanent rank with those works of the ancient farmers—such as Xeno-

phon and Horace and Cato and Pliny, and later Pietro di Crescenzi, Izaak Walton, Lord Bacon, and Lord Kames—in whom Mr. Mitchell himself years ago recognized a kindred spirit. It seems a rather melancholy turn of fate, however, that, though Mr. Mitchell's book itself is likely to have a perennial youth, its subject, the farm, seems hardly destined to so pleasant a fortune. Edgewood, or at least its environs, already begins to bear evidence of that oncoming old age of which Mr. Mitchell's works have not given the slightest indication.

It must not be assumed from this that there are any signs of dilapidation about Edgewood; for everything still possesses that trimness and neatness which its proprietor has taught us to regard as the prime requisite of successful farming. The principal point, however, is that it is almost impossible now to regard Mr. Mitchell's home as a country place. It is every day losing its rural aspect, and beginning to assume the doubtful characteristic of surburban things. "Surburban" is a terrible word to the artistic soul, suggestive of the keen-eyed real estate broker, imaginary corner lots, skeleton thoroughfares, a smattering of frame houses of cheap

architectural splendor, an occasional electric light, and a solitary trolley-car.

"The house," said Mr. Mitchell nearly forty years ago, "lay on the edge of the wood, and it seemed to me that if it should be mine it should wear the name of Edgewood." It still lies on the edge of the wood, but it lies on the edge of the city, too. New Haven is slowly creeping about Mr. Mitchell's farm, and from his library window, in addition to the many delightful things he saw forty years ago, he can now watch the "development" of urban real estate, under the smart manipulation of city financiers. Land in that region is still, we believe, sold and assessed by the acre, but it cannot be many years before it will be reckoned by the front foot.

The scattered farm-houses in which the old Edgewood found a congenial companionship have almost disappeared in the numerous tenements that have sprung up in the past few years. These are in every respect modern affairs, are frequently of flaring architecture, with no end of gables and bow windows; kept constantly crisp and fresh painted, with a vigilant eye to the prospective tenant. There are many other attractions that Mr. Mitchell did

not include in his famous advertisement for a country place; the all-penetrative trolley-car, for example, now stops almost at that genial philosopher's door.

He can take a short stroll to the east and catch a glimpse of the asphalt, and the winding stream which was one of the delights of the early landscape has, by some strange and not too irreproachable freak of municipal enterprise, been straightened into a long, lank, utterly useless canal. The meadows surrounding the stream—perhaps through Mr. Mitchell's own promptings—now form part of a park reservation, which has passed into the keeping of the city authorities.

Perhaps the greatest change of all is in the house itself. The "grayish-white" farm-house, in which the author of the "Reveries" lived for several years, and which he describes in "My Farm of Edgewood," has long since disappeared. It has been replaced by a low, two-story building, in whose construction its architect evidently utilized much of the experience gained in the erection of the little farm cottage at the foot of the hill about a quarter of a mile from the main dwelling. We remember the ridicule which this "milkmaid's" domicile re-

ceived at the hands of the country "Squires" —by the way, Mr. Mitchell's neighbors do not refer to each other now as "Squires"—and the persistence with which he maintained that he had hit upon a happy idea. The scheme worked so well, indeed, that it proved serviceable in the construction of the present farm-houses.

The first story is built of rough stones, gathered from the author's own fields. These have not been smoothed or chipped in any way, but cemented together in their original state. A concession has been made on the corners, where Mr. Mitchell has consented to use plain red bricks. The second story is of conventional clapboard, painted a dull yellow, and is surmounted by a slate roof, from which projects an occasional dormer window. On the east end is the indispensable porch, and in the rear a large, sunny living room. The artificial fountain, to which Mr. Mitchell's book refers, has disappeared, but the well-kempt English hedge, following the rise and fall of the roadway, the snug coppices of evergreens, the silent pool overhung by willows, still remain. From his windows, too, the view is still as engaging as on the brilliant June morning when Mr. Mitchell paid his first visit to his future home.

To the north the range of blue hills begins and ends in the two beetling cliffs, East and West Rock, both of which have now been transformed into city parks. In front of the house the eastern stretch of farm country, though occasionally disturbed by one of the modern houses referred to, has lost little of its early beauty, and the immediate neighborhood of the residence is still under zealous cultivation. The white church spires of the surrounding villages and city still project above the elm-trees, and to the south the harbor of New Haven, with its several breakwaters and light-houses, furnishes that glimpse of the sea which Mr. Mitchell regards as indispensable to a country home. On clear days he can plainly distinguish the sailing craft and steamers, and on a few especially favored occasions the white bluffs of Long Island shore.

The road in front of the house leads northerly to the quaint hamlet of Westville, which has undergone few changes during the past forty years, and to the south to West Haven, a more progressive and thriving village. The whole landscape, a not incongruous mixture of country and town, is closed in by purple hills, the broad stretch of the sea overcoming any sense of confinement or oppression.

Mr. Mitchell purchased Edgewood in 1855, and it has therefore been his home for almost fifty years. Before his settlement there, he had spent a somewhat rambling life, had crossed the ocean several times, had been present at Paris during the outbreaks in 1848, had had a brief political career as United States Consul at Venice, and had written one or two volumes of sketches not now included in his collected works. He had always a leaning toward farming—he came, indeed, of old Connecticut farming stock. He spent a few years after his graduation from Yale in work of this kind, and when the time came for him to make a permanent settlement in life there was no hesitation as to his course.

It will be remembered, however, that he did not take up the farm from the purely romantic point of view. He would have found it impossible to settle in an unattractive place, whatever might have been its agricultural advantages; but, for all that, he proposed to take up farming as a serious vocation. Does farming pay? was not so serious a question in Connecticut in 1855 as it has since become; there are now many snug fortunes in the State that were accumulated by the industry of old-time farmers. When

Mr. Mitchell took hold of Edgewood, Connecticut farming had not become a lost art, and he had every hope of a satisfactory return.

He worked at his property for several years with some success. He never became a money-making farmer, indeed, but still he did not run largely behind. He provided for his own table, had many little landscape luxuries unknown to his neighbors, and—if we may trust the story of "The Farm" book—a modest profit at the end of each year. But from the general collapse of New England agriculture—due to the great economical and social phenomena of the past thirty years, Mr. Mitchell and his Edgewood farm have not been exempt.

He long ago solved the problem what to do with the farm by deciding to give over its management to those who are better traders—if not better cultivators. He is no longer annoyed by his Irish "milkmaids," by his scientific agriculturists from the town, by his quietly sarcastic country neighbors, or his commercially minded city friends, with their ever-iterated query, "Do you get your money back?" For several years Mr. Mitchell has leased his farm lands, and has thus had the pleasure of watching the processes of culture without sharing any of the anxieties as to

the financial outcome. The change has not been unwelcome to the public, for it has given him more time to cultivate the books of a carefully stocked library and to write.

Mr. Mitchell, in his book on Edgewood, deplores the fact that farming is too exacting a vocation to give sufficient opportunity for personal culture, but during the past few years he has found ample time to devote to literature. His connection with his Alma Mater—Yale—has been pleasantly maintained through his forty odd years' residence in New Haven. He has lectured from time to time before the University, and in 1878 his position in American literature was recognized by the degree of LL.D.

Mr. Mitchell is now in his eightieth year. He has naturally reached the age of well-earned leisure, and when he may regard the most important part of his life-work as complete. During the past few years, indeed, he has written his "English Lands, Letters, and Kings," and his "American Lands and Letters," and has made revisions of work done many years ago. He is as regular in his habits to-day as when he first engaged in the serious business of farming at Edgewood. He rises at a seasonable hour and devotes most of his morning to work. He

writes, attends to his correspondence, and religiously denies himself to all callers, and even to his own family. In the early part of the afternoon he takes a nap, followed by a stroll about his farm or a drive into the surrounding country. He is a great advocate of walking as a method of healthful exercise, and vigorously practises his own preaching. From 4.30 to 6 o'clock are his only free hours, and these he devotes to his friends and an occasional caller. Mr. Mitchell, however, sees few casual visitors these days, preferring to spend what time he has with old friends.

When it is remembered that the most well-known part of Mr. Mitchell's work was done before he came to New Haven, and that the sales of his two most famous books, the "Reveries of a Bachelor" and the "Dream Life," are still unremitting, it would hardly seem extravagant to assume that one of the permanent figures of American literature is spending his final years in the comfortable retirement of Edgewood. Mr. Mitchell was in early life a friend of Irving and a visitor at Sunnyside, and he is to-day the representative of the Irving literary tradition.

A mere glance at his books shows that he belongs to a generation of literature with which

modern authors have little to do. It seems assured that his books will survive, in spite of their highly colored romantic qualities, for the same reason that the works of Irving find thousands of readers in an age of realism and literary *finesse*—because of the wholesome human feeling by which they are inspired, and the dulcet, mellow English in which they are written, for their charms are everlasting. Mr. Mitchell's quiet life at Edgewood among his books and his recollections are suggestive reminders of the fact that the world has not yet entirely lost its spirit of romance. It has not yet outgrown its early love for old-fashioned books and old-fashioned authors.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson

In Cambridge, Mass.

BY COLONEL HIGGINSON

Born in 1823, in Cambridge, Mass.

Woman and Her Wishes. 1853.
Out-door Papers. 1863.
Army Life in a Black Regiment. 1869.
Margaret Fuller Ossoli. 1884.
The Monarch of Dreams. 1887.
Women and Men. 1888.
Life of Francis Higginson. 1891.
Concerning All of Us. 1892.
Book and Heart. 1897.
Cheerful Yesterdays. 1898.
Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic. 1898.
Contemporaries. 1899.
Old Cambridge. 1899.

Col. Higginson's Home.

XVI

Thomas Wentworth Higginson

In Cambridge, Mass.

VISITORS to Cambridge who know only the college yard and its immediate neighborhood think of the old city as, topographically, one of the flattest of places. There are even Cambridge citizens who are unacquainted with the ridge of high land at the summit of which stands the observatory of Harvard, and where, at the head of Buckingham Street, not a stone's throw from the observatory, is seen the house Thomas Wentworth Higginson built for himself nearly twenty years ago. At one side is a group of tall spruces that almost hide it from the eyes of those approaching from Concord Avenue. At the back is a little grove, while at the other side is an open lawn with a tennis-court. It is in this house that Colonel Higginson a few years ago celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday.

To speak of Colonel Higginson as the Nestor of American letters might be true. It is a sentence that sounds fairly well in print and would pass unchallenged by those who have

never seen Colonel Higginson. Those who know him, however, must at once object to the word, since the term summons up the vision of an aged man with snowy locks. He may have gray hairs, but his hair as a mass is not gray, nor is his tall, athletic figure much less vigorous than twenty years ago. His complexion, his eye, his expression are those of a young man, and a young man he is in manner and feeling. Each birthday since his seventieth has been made a special gala day by his friends.

The old brass knocker and the door-plate with the name "S. Higginson" came from the Kirkland Street house of Colonel Higginson's father. The hall into which the visitor steps, and the broad stairway inside were modelled somewhat after those of an historic Portsmouth house belonging to a Wentworth ancestor. For Colonel Higginson (through his mother, Louisa Storrow) is a direct descendant of the first Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire, and collaterally is related to other governors of the same name. A portrait in oil of Governor Wentworth, a copy of an original painting, hangs at the head of the stairway, and the easy-chair in which Colonel Higginson does most of his writing is an heirloom.

Over the stairway hang two other interesting portraits. Though the painter is not definitely known, it is thought that one, if not both portraits, came from the brush of Sir John Thornhill. Their date is about 1700, and their style is altogether excellent, with a certain quaint stiffness, suggesting Copley, though belonging to an earlier period. One shows Nathaniel Higginson, Governor of Madras, and his wife seated at a table, while a young man, Stephen Ainsworth, who afterward married their daughter, is entering the room. Through the open door is a distant view of Fort St. George. The other portrait shows a deer park in the background, with portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth and the sister of the latter, Deborah Higginson, who became Mrs. Jeffries. Governor Nathaniel Higginson was a brother of Colonel Higginson's ancestor, Colonel John Higginson of Salem.

Beside these paintings hangs a portrait of Colonel Higginson in his youth by Eastman Johnson. Near by is a head of Colonel Higginson's young daughter—his only child—and portraits of his father and grandfather, Stephen Higginson, a member of the Continental Congress of 1783. Another small portrait of con-

siderable interest is that of the first Mrs. Longfellow, aunt of the present Mrs. Higginson.

Hanging in the lower hall near the stairway is an oil-painting with an unusual history. It is a life-size portrait of Pope's Man of Ross, by whom painted, or in what way it came to this country is not known. It was sent anonymously to Colonel Higginson's father by some friend, who concealed his identity. On the back is a long inscription stating that it was sent to a man who "so eminently copys the fair original." Colonel Higginson has had thorough inquiries made in the village of Ross, England, only to learn that neither of the two portraits, once known to exist of the hero of Pope's poem, is now there. This is believed to be one of the two.

Other interesting things in the hallway are the first flag ever carried by a colored regiment, a sword given to Colonel Higginson by the Freedmen of Beaufort, S. C., and the one he himself carried in the war. At the left of the hall is a room which combines a drawing-room with a library. It is thoroughly homelike, with open fireplace, high book-cases, grand piano, and old-fashioned furniture. Old portraits are on the walls, as a Madonna by Luca Della

Robbia, and many photographs and souvenirs of travel.

Opening from this room is a small study where formerly Colonel Higginson did all his work. Book-cases reach from ceiling to floor, and a large desk stands near a window. Colonel Higginson has a slip of paper pasted in each volume with his name plainly printed in large capitals.

Within late years there have gone from his shelves about 1,000 volumes, which he had been thirty years in collecting, and to which he had given the name of "The Galatea Collection." They are now in an alcove of the Public Library of Boston, a gift from Colonel Higginson, who hopes that those who are interested in the social, industrial, and educational condition of women, will consult them frequently. Many are rare and curious, especially those in other languages than English.

Colonel Higginson no longer does the most of his writing in the cosey little down-stairs study. When he started work on his "Naval and Military History of Massachusetts in the Civil War," a large room became necessary for his secretaries, and an apartment up-stairs was set apart. Comparatively little of his work is dictated. He gives his mornings to writing and

seldom leaves the house or sees visitors before three o'clock. Always fond of out-door life, he still continues to take long walks. A few years ago he was devoted to bicycling, and was often to be met in Cambridge streets or on adjacent roads accompanied by his little daughter.

Out-door exercise for men and women has had no stronger advocate than he. No reader of "Out-door Papers" needs to be told this. In his boyhood he was fond of swimming, skating, foot-ball, cricket, and other open-air sports, and in war times of fencing and military drill. This love of out-door life and an optimistic spirit have combined to keep youthfulness alive.

It is to him a source of joy that the home of his later years is hardly ten minutes' walk from the house built by his father in Kirkland Street, which was his birth-place. The old house is standing at the head of Professors' Row under the shadow of Memorial Hall. Its ancient neighbor, the first home of Oliver Wendell Holmes, long since disappeared. New and magnificent college buildings are crowding on houses at the upper end of the stately avenue. Yet enough of the old dwellings remains to preserve the identity of the street, and to give it much the same character that it had in Colonel

Higginson's youth. In that ideal autobiography, "Cheerful Yesterdays," he has told us that the earliest documentary evidence which he has of his own existence is a note from Edward Everett, then a neighbor, inquiring after the health of "the babe."

Stephen Higginson, his father, had been a prosperous Boston merchant, a liberal entertainer, and was noted for benevolence. After Jefferson's embargo had deprived him of his fortune, his friends procured for him the post of stewart (bursar) of Harvard. In the Kirkland Street house, with its library of eighteenth-century books, there was a decided literary atmosphere. Andrews Norton, John Gorham Palfrey, George Ticknor, and Jared Sparks were among its visitors. Washington Irving, a connection by marriage, once came within its walls. Longfellow, too, and his sister; John Holmes and his more distinguished brother, Christopher Pearse Cranch, John S. Dwight, and various members of the Harvard faculty, of whom a number reached decided eminence, knew this home well. Colonel Higginson's mother was a woman of culture, and his father was bookish. His grandfather, Stephen Higginson, published several political pamphlets.

It would have been strange if a thoughtful boy with such an environment and ancestry had not drifted into a literary career. On graduating from Harvard when not quite eighteen, he first tried teaching, and later entered the Harvard Divinity School. His first parish was that of the First Religious Society at Newburyport, over which he was placed in 1847, and his second the Free Church of Worcester, to which he went in 1852. During these years he became very outspoken in espousal of the anti-slavery cause. This was the more remarkable on his part, as by ancestry and social connections he naturally belonged in the more conservative society of Boston and Cambridge. Not only his pen but his muscular strength was put at the service of the Abolitionists. His part in the Anthony Burns affair and his efforts to rescue other escaped slaves are well known as well as the practical help he gave in the Kansas troubles.

When the war broke out he offered his services to Governor Andrew, and spent some time drilling part of a regiment near Worcester. When the offer came from General Rufus Saxton of the colonelcy of a black regiment—the first to be raised—he gladly accepted it and has-

tened to South Carolina, where it was forming. In August, 1863, he was seriously wounded at Wilton Bluff, and a few months later, on account of illness, resigned his command. His "Army Life in a Black Regiment" gives an account of his military experience.

After the war, while living at Newport, Colonel Higginson devoted himself entirely to literature. Before this he had been an occasional contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*. The charm of his style is felt at the first reading. Every word is so carefully chosen, and every sentence so well placed, that no change or rearrangement seems possible. His vigorous and graceful thought touches a wide range of subjects, and its prevailing characteristics are refinement and patriotism.

Years ago he was a popular lyceum lecturer. He became most agreeable on the platform, and was a favorite presiding officer and after-dinner speaker. No one who has ever heard him can forget the grace of his manner, the quick flash of his wit, or the force of his argument. Among the optimistic beliefs of Colonel Higginson is one that the scholar makes himself much more often of value in politics than the world in general believes.

Three years ago the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Harvard. The same degree had been given to him some years before by the Western Reserve University. Five of his books have been translated into French, three into German, one into Italian, and one into modern Greek. In various journeys abroad he has met many of the most interesting figures prominent in the social and literary life of England and France—Browning, Tennyson, Herbert Spencer, Rossetti, Alma Tadema, Lord Houghton, Lord Lyttelton, Thomas Hughes, Aubrey de Vere, James Bryce, and many others.

Besides his pleasant Cambridge house Colonel Higginson has a cottage at Dublin, N. H., where he spends several months every year. This is at the very foot of Mount Monadnock, overlooking Monadnock Lake. Here he can indulge his love of nature and of natural history —for years ago he became a careful student of entomology. Severe illness several years ago left him a little less strong than formerly, but he has continued to enter with zest into the pursuits of his young daughter—the child of the second Mrs. Higginson—and his friends are in earnest when they beg him to tell them the secret of perpetual youth.

George E. Woodberry

In East Seventeenth Street, New York

BY MR. WOODBERRY

Born in 1855 in Beverly, Mass.

A History of Wood Engraving. 1883.
Edgar Allan Poe. 1885.
The North Shore Watch and Other Poems. 1890.
Studies in Letters and Life. 1890.
The Heart of Man. 1899.
Wild Eden. 1899.
Makers of Literature. 1900.

XVII

George E. Woodberry

In East Seventeenth Street, New York

WHEN the Players, on an afternoon in November, 1893, held their memorial service for Edwin Booth in the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, it was some lines entitled "The Players' Elegy" which, more than all else, voiced the prevailing sentiment of the throng:

> Such was our Hamlet, whom the people knew,
> A soul of noble breath, sweet, kind, and true;
> Our flesh and blood, yet of the world ideal,
> So native to immortal memory
> That to the world he hardly seems to die,
> More than the poet's page, where buried lie
> The form and feature of eternity.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> For us the vacant chair,
> For us the vanished presence from the room,
> The silent bust, the portrait hung with gloom—
> He will not come, not come!

The writer of this "Elegy" was George E. Woodberry, poet, essayist, biographer, critic, professor of literature, whom, a little more than ten

years ago, Columbia University called to one of its chairs. He has ever since been quietly living in the heart of New York, busied with lectures, books, and pen. The gay world and active club-land hardly know him, though, indeed, his name has been set down in one of the year books of the time. He prefers to spend his days among books and his students on Morningside Heights. His evenings are passed in work or reverie in his rooms in an old bachelor apartment-house at 5 East Seventeenth Street, where in old dwellings still survives a bit of the New York of twenty-five, and, perhaps, forty, years ago.

An interesting tradition marks this bachelor dwelling-place—that a man once established in it never departs permanently from its doorway except to lead a bride to the altar. These, at least, are the tales that are told. Maids of New York may profit by this suggestion and hence-forth have an eye on bachelors of literature who dwell in that edifice. It is in an old-fashioned, high-ceilinged room that Professor Woodberry is "at home."

For that matter—to speak with absolute ex-actness—he is only in part at home here. More than half the volumes that make up his library, for convenience sake, are kept in his rooms at

Columbia. When the college occupied its old quarters it was an easy matter for him to go back and forth. But the distance nowadays is too great for that. On four days in the week Professor Woodberry travels up-town to spend both morning and afternoon on the university grounds.

It is in the evening, therefore, that one may best look in upon him and learn to know the man. A strong type of university breeding is he, this man of fine attainments and broad culture, who speaks quietly and half deprecatingly of his achievements, and yet makes you feel that he quite understands what he has accomplished. He has capabilities which would have given him rank in anything intellectual if his taste had run elsewhere than to literature. But you cannot quite imagine him in commercial life. He must have been a round peg in a square hole had he tried business. He is rather the thoroughly capable college man of that class of such in whom, taken in a body, lies so much hope and promise for this country.

Not at once do you feel all this, for Professor Woodberry is not to be analyzed on the instant. But, little by little, it opens up before the visitor. Despite the fact that you know this to be an age of young men, it is somewhat confusing, at first,

to realize that the thick-set, fresh-complexioned man, whose age is not far above forty, lying opposite you in an easy-chair, holding a cigar as if it were the most interesting thing in the world, is really one who can write verse glowing with sentiment, is an expert in many forms of literature, and has proved himself the most notable biographer and editor of Poe. Such endowments seem rather to speak of a man middle-aged, gray of hair, with a touch of the poet in his aspect.

Professor Woodberry does not disappoint you, however. An hour with him and all is clear. Under the young head there is an old brain, an old reasoning faculty, with all the youthful imagination, sentiment, and enthusiasm. Fortunately, not one single dash of pedantry has gone into the mixture. The man is one of those rare beings who, in talking "shop," can do it delightfully. In his very modern point of view, in his optimism, there is a hint or a reminder of Theodore Roosevelt.

Books line one end of this room in tall bookshelves, in the bookman's orderly disorder. The visitor will have dipped into them here and there, and will have been favored with a sight of a bundle of manuscript poems, many of which have

already seen the light of day in *The Century*; a glimpse, perhaps, of the page-proofs of a book of essays. When the professor and his caller are both back in their chairs, with fresh cigars, the professor may at last be found talking of his work and himself.

"I was a free lance in literature in the beginning," he said. "I started in, after being graduated from Harvard, writing for *The Atlantic* and *The Nation*. While still in college I really began my Atlantic work. I took a poem to Mr. Howells, and he asked me if I thought I could do a review. I tried it, and it was printed. Another book was given to me for review, and then another. Thus, by the time I was out of college, my work was begun.

"When Mr. Aldrich came to *The Atlantic*, he went over the numbers of the past two or three years, to discover who had been writing for the magazine, and soon after that he sent for me to come and see him. We talked matters over, and I found that he wanted me to continue writing. The most of my work at that time went into *The Atlantic* and *The Nation*, and very little of it will ever be collected by me into book form. It was too much of the time, and taken out of its place has little meaning.

"This work that is nameless, after all, advances a man very little. I have found that out," and Mr. Woodberry smiled with appreciation. "I have not much of a name now, but more than I had. That which brought me into notice—the Poe biography—was mere chance. It started, practically, as a piece of 'hack work,' a commission that I accepted because it was offered to me. In the same way I published, through the Harpers, two years before I wrote the Poe biography (that is, in 1883; the book on Poe was published in 1885), a 'History of Wood Engraving.' This was an amplification of two articles I had written for *Harper's Magazine*. There was no 'history' of this sort beyond a very costly and technical history, and the Harpers thought a shorter, simpler, and less expensive volume would be worth issuing. I started out on Poe precisely as I had on the 'History.'

"Now, I had no special interest in Poe and I knew nothing especial about him. With just as much reason any other American man of letters might have been given to me. It simply happened to be Poe. Charles Dudley Warner was arranging his 'American Men of Letters' series, and he wrote and asked if I would do Poe for him. I think it must have been James Russell

Lowell that suggested me to Mr. Warner, though I do not know positively. While at Harvard I had catalogued Mr. Lowell's library for him, and came to know him very well. He showed me many kindnesses."

Mr. Woodberry did not say so, nor did he touch upon the subject, but there is good reason to believe that he also owes his present professorship at Columbia to Lowell's kindly offices in the matter of some few words dropped shortly before that famous man's death.

"But it was not long," went on Professor Woodberry, as we both sat quietly, thinking over the little book that so suddenly gave him fame, "before Poe became something new to me, the details of his life something more than perfunctory. I began to study his life carefully, and looked into the charges that had been made against him. The more I studied them, the more I came to believe these were true. By correspondence with Lowell I got at the Lowell letters, which were of great value. I visited New York (I was then living at Beverly, Mass.), Washington, and Richmond. I saw the connections of the Allan family, who brought up Poe.

"There were in existence, too, and they had

never yet been examined, the private papers of Griswold, Poe's executor, and one who was closely identified with him. Griswold's executor was the late George H. Moore, Librarian of the Lenox Library. I wrote to Mr. Moore, and received a very pleasant letter, asking me to come and see him. I went, and we talked the matter over, but Mr. Moore was inflexible. The Griswold papers and letters could not be examined by anyone. This evidence was not available, therefore, for the biography. It has since come to light, however. Mr. Moore afterward died, and his son put the material at my disposal. It confirmed what the biography had said. Nearly all of the Poe documents and evidence are in, and little other material is known to exist, with the exception of the John P. Kennedy letters, which are sealed up until 1920.

"Poe's character, after months of study, came to me in only one light. I could see him only in the light in which I portrayed him, and everything new that came into my hands only confirmed this view. What I said of him attracted attention, and it seems to hold attention yet. Even now I keep hearing from people. It was this book, of course, that called forth the edition of Poe's works some years later, [this, the reader

will remember, was edited by Mr. Stedman and Mr. Woodberry,] which gave Poe for the first time an adequate edition, worthy of his genius, such as the other great American authors have, and Poe until then lacked."

And thus Mr. Woodberry went on. It is quite impossible to reproduce the interesting way these facts were told. The words themselves, as set down here, fail to give the discursive manner, the side remarks, at times the exact language, and likewise the charm of the personal narration. Lovingly the professor took another volume down from shelves where stood scores of titles in general literature.

"People, in general, know me little for my Shelley," he said. "Yet Shelley, from back in my college days, has always been one of my enthusiasms. This is the Centenary Edition of his poems, which I edited in 1894, giving, as you will notice, all the variations, line for line, with complete notes. Much of my examination studies for this I did in the private library (since dispersed) of Mr. Frederickson, then a famous collector living in Brooklyn. This old gentleman had the finest Shelley library to be found anywhere. He was a familiar and popular frequenter of auction sales and shops where

old books are sold. Everybody knew him as 'Fred.' He had collected in Shelleyana over 2,000 volumes, including the very earliest and rarest editions."

As a poet, altogether too few know Professor Woodberry. His work in other forms of literature has, to an extent, overshadowed his verse-making. It may not be out of place here to quote from one of his love-songs :

Now, ere the long day close,
That has been so full of bliss,
I will send to my love the rose,
In its leaves I will shut a kiss ;
A rose in the night to perish,
A kiss through life to cherish ;
Now, ere the night-wind blows,
I will send unto her the rose.

His university duties Professor Woodberry finds interesting, and he has settled into them composedly. It was a new field for him when he took his chair of literature, and he has discovered how true it is, as Lowell told him back at Harvard, that while hundreds of students pass and repass, leaving no impression, the few bring keen attachments, and these repay the worker.

A volume of essays from his pen, published

two years ago is "The Heart of Man," and comprises four papers that vary greatly. One on "Democracy," is an optimistic analysis of the people and affairs of a republic. No treatise more cheering has of late years come from the pen of any man of culture. It shows this poet and biographer in a new light, as a philosopher. It is a good document for those who have faith in Democracy working out her own salvation. Professor Woodberry said: "I wrote it because I thought something of that sort needed to be written."

A later book of essays, and one that probably contains the finest work in criticism that Professor Woodberry has ever done, is the volume which came out in 1900, under the title "Makers of Literature." It has been widely recognized as unsurpassed by anything in American criticism since Lowell wrote. It was a collection of miscellaneous papers written for periodicals and books in the last twenty years. The author showed how he has been touched by the very soul of literature.

He has still in hand a series, of which he is the editor, entitled "National Studies in American Letters." Several volumes are already out, and many more may be added, though the num-

ber is not as yet made known. This series will cover the literature of America by sections, having due regard to the importance and extent of the entire subject. It will comprise a novel set of volumes, and will include much new material.

When the hour is late a turn in the fresh night air is proposed. Together with this very modern bookman, the "prof." of many a Columbia boy, the writer may find himself strolling up Fifth Avenue, under the shadow of publishing houses and piano shops. But these are unheeded in the companionship of such a man.

Andrew Carnegie

In West Fifty-first Street, New York

BY MR. CARNEGIE

Born in 1837 in Dunfermline, Scotland

Triumphant Democracy ; or, Fifty Years' March of the Republic. 1886.

Round the World. 1888.

An American Four-in-Hand in Britain. 1888.

The Gospel of Wealth. 1900.

XVIII

Andrew Carnegie

In West Fifty-first Street, New York

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE has one hobby—it is libraries. He has founded many libraries—how many need not be said. Two years ago he had founded six, but the number now is some multiple of six, and this need not include the sixty odd buildings for library purposes which he has given to New York. The library in his New York house is the most spacious and luxuriously appointed room in the establishment. Reference is here made to the house he has long lived in—not to the spacious mansion nearing completion on upper Fifth Avenue. His library occupies the entire front of the second story of the house in West Fifty-first Street, or, more properly, three rooms thrown into one form the library. Here "The Gospel of Wealth" was written and many of the college lectures.

As a rule, Mr. Carnegie, when in New York, enters his library every morning at ten o'clock and remains until one o'clock, engaged in writ-

ing, studying, or reading. After luncheon he takes a short stroll in the Park, or a drive, to return again to his books for several hours longer. His secretary is always in attendance. Readers and admirers of "Triumphant Democracy; or, Fifty Years' March of the Republic" may be interested to know that Mr. Carnegie's own particular copy of the book—one of a small edition made for distribution among his friends—is beautifully bound, and upon the cover, stamped in gold, is the reversed crown which forms so conspicuous a feature of his coat of arms; it is emblazoned also upon his library wall, high up between the front windows. The cap of liberty surmounts the reversed crown, which forms the crest. Upon the escutcheon are a weaver's shuttle and a shoemaker's knife. The supporters are the American and Scotch flags, with the legend beneath, "Death to Privilege." The whole design is a worthy suggestion of Mr. Carnegie's democratic ideas.

The mammoth table standing in the centre of the room looks very business-like, and is covered with various literary impedimenta. Of course there are books and books everywhere. They reach from the floor to the ceiling and cover three sides of the room, as well as en-

croach upon the fourth side, which is the bright spot in the library, with its fireplace. On either side of the mantel are numerous shelves, where are stored away precious mementos and pleasing reminders of interesting occasions—trowels, for example, of which Mr. Carnegie has quite a collection.

They are well worth examining. One is of silver gilt, with an oaken handle, and was used by Mr. Carnegie in laying the corner-stone of the library which he presented to the City of Edinburgh in 1887. Another, of silver, with an ivory handle, bears the following inscription:

> Presented by the Library Committee to Mrs. Carnegie on the occasion of her laying the memorial stone of the Carnegie Free Library, the gift of her son, Andrew Carnegie, Esquire, to his native city of Dunfermline, 27 July, 1881.

Still another beautiful trowel is the one used by the wife of Mr. Carnegie at the laying of the corner-stone of the Carnegie Music Hall, New York, on May 30, 1890. Within the walls of the huge structure of which the Music Hall forms a part, is the home of the Authors Club. Housed elsewhere in inferior quarters for some

years, this club with a national reputation, now has apartments suitable to its needs and worthy of its name. Mr. Carnegie is one of its members.

Another cherished souvenir is the small oak and silver casket in which the freedom of the City of Edinburgh was presented to Mr. Carnegie on the occasion of his gift of a quarter of a million dollars to found the Edinburgh library. A silver plate bears the inscription :

This box is made of oak from the house of Sir Thomas Hope, King's Advocate, of Scotland, 1626-46, who ably upheld the cause of civil and religious liberty in Covenant times. Presented by the Corporation of Edinburgh with the Burgess ticket conferring the freedom of the city on Andrew Carnegie, Esquire, U. S. A., 8th July, 1887.

Silver lions, unicorns, and thistles in relief form the decorations of this pretty little casket. While Scotch heather is Mr. Carnegie's favorite flower, the thistle holds a large share of his affections and appears conspicuously in the decorations of the library. Upon the ceiling are painted clusters of thistles, while one easy-chair which invites you in a painted legend to " Rest awhile," is also resplendent in painted thistles. The plaid of the Clan Carnegie—dull blues and

greens with a thread of yellow—appears here and there for sofa-pillow coverings. If Mr. Carnegie wants to rest awhile or take a siesta, there is a comfortable lounge with the rollicking motto above, "There's a good time coming, boys."

When he wishes relaxation of another kind, he turns to some musical tubes forming an odd instrument for making melody, which he picked up when travelling through the Orient. It consists of eight metal tubes of graduated lengths, hung from a rather high, brass frame; the performer makes music by playing on these tubes with a little felt-covered mallet. The music of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," Mr. Carnegie has had arranged for the tubes, as well as "Ye Banks and Braes," "Auld Lang Syne," "My Nut Brown Maiden," "Scenes That Are Brightest," and "Ring o' Bells and Peal o' Gongs." Any one of these tunes Mr. Carnegie can play with a good deal of dash and spirit—although he seldom attempts to render them vocally—at least when he has an audience.

Another melody-making instrument to which Mr. Carnegie turns is one consisting of Japanese bells—three hollow globes of metal suspended

from the mouth of a dragon of forbidding mien. These bells are also manipulated by means of a little mallet.

Mr. Carnegie is devoted to music and a most munificent patron of the art. One of his friends, and one of whom he is very fond, is Mr. Walter Damrosch, and an interesting picture in the library—in the corner devoted to the muse of music—is a photograph of Mr. Damrosch, upon the margin of which he has written, in pencil, a few bars of that sentimental air from "The Bohemian Girl," "Then You'll Remember Me." Standing guard over this musical corner are bronze busts of Wagner and Beethoven, two favorite composers of Mr. Carnegie's.

His favorite poet is Burns, of whose works he has some choice editions. Shakespeare, too, one sees in editions of various kinds. The Waverley Novels are resplendent in the finest of bindings, and Thackeray blooms afresh in blue and gold. Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" is a favorite of Mr. Carnegie's—a book which he reads and re-reads. One set of shelves is given up to encyclopedias and works on botany, in which study Mr. Carnegie is intensely interested. Diogenes, in bronze, with his lantern, illumines this corner of the room. In a copy

of one of Herbert Spencer's works, which Mr. Spencer sent to Mr. Carnegie, is inscribed:

To my friend Andrew Carnegie: The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter, knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world; knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at, well; if not, well also, though not so well.

The drawer of the library table holds letters and notes from many people distinguished in the literary world. To the mind fond of detail it may be interesting to know that many of the postal cards Mr. Gladstone had such a fancy for despatching to his friends have found a resting-place here. His writing, by the way, is extremely difficult to decipher to the one unfamiliar with his peculiar chirography.

Pertinent to Gladstone's article on Mr. Carnegie's book, "The Gospel of Wealth," to which reply was made by Cardinal Manning, it may be said that Mr. Carnegie responded in a manuscript of about 8,000 words, completed in two days, so very rapidly does he compose. John Morley, the English statesman, is another correspondent who sends frequent notes. In one he returned thanks for "the noble bird"—an American turkey—sent by Mr. Carnegie for a Christmas gift. "We shall drink the health of

the giver and recall pleasant days together." Mr. Morley accompanied the Carnegies upon one of their coaching trips.

Among the pictures hanging upon the library wall is one of the coaching party which travelled from Brighton to Inverness in 1881. Mr. Carnegie's mother occupies the seat of honor at his left. Another picture is that of Cluny Castle, where he has spent several summers. Even here he has usually given many hours daily to his books. A more resplendent home than Cluny Castle is now his Skibo Castle.

Mr. Carnegie's new house in New York, now approaching completion, stands at Fifth Avenue and Ninetieth Street. The entire avenue block front is devoted to house and grounds, and the lot in the other direction has a still greater dimension. It is a most imposing mansion set on an imposing site, in many ways the most striking private residence in a town of millionaires. Large trees have been transplanted there to furnish shade. A costly and novel process accomplished what seemed the impossible. Someone has counted eighty rooms in the house, of which about one-half are below the main floor. Other figures pertaining to it are that the heating apparatus cost $110,000, the

plumbing $55,000, and the organ $16,000. The telephones number twenty and the supply of coal will amount to 200 tons per year. In order to transport the coal from bin to furnace a miniature railway was constructed, with a car having a capacity for half a ton. But this at present is not the home of Mr. Carnegie. Sometime in the year 1902 he hopes to occupy it. Within its walls, perhaps, he will write more books, and devise schemes for founding more libraries.

Brander Matthews

In West End Avenue, New York

BY MR. MATTHEWS

Born in 1852 in New Orleans

The Theatres in Paris. 1880.
French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century. 1881.
Tom Paulding. 1892.
In the Vestibule Limited. 1892.
Studies of the Stage. 1894.
Vignettes of Manhattan. 1894.
Bookbindings, Old and New. 1895.
Aspects of Fiction. 1896.
His Father's Son. 1896.
A Confident To-morrow. 1899.
The Action and The Word. 1900.
The Historical Novel and Other Essays. 1901.

XIX

Brander Matthews

In West End Avenue, New York

BRANDER MATTHEWS, Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University, is the Brander Matthews who has been the friend of players for years, also an eminent first-nighter, though not a critic for a reason hereafter given; an actor by instinct, a stage manager, he would be if not too busy, an expert sought for in pantomime and parlor burlesque; a story-teller, essayist, and playwright—surely a chronicle of interests and activities quite long enough.

The temptation is for one to ask why he is a professor when he finds success easily and securely in literary work. One is apt to associate a college professorship with drudgery, more especially since there comes a complaint of it in the occasional magazine article. Mr. Matthews prepares and delivers his lectures and constructs his examination papers for what he gets out of the task. There is a reciprocal benefit in the relation of teacher and pupil as maintained in courses at college. This may

chiefly be in the post-graduate departments, but to a degree it exists in the others.

However Mr. Matthews may value what he gets from his classes, and undoubted as is his achievement as an instructor, it is not this side of the man which lends chief interest to his home and his personality. The writer ever attracts more attention than the teacher. The audience is larger, the stage is better set to catch the eye, the production is of greater human interest.

It is likely that the habit of filing for preservation materials for work so carefully followed to-day by Mr. Matthews was a habit formed thirty years ago. Drawer after drawer of the two or three desks at which Mr. Matthews writes is filled to overflowing with envelopes of goodly size. The word upon the outside is an index to the contents. An inquisitive glance at the collection is entertaining — perhaps the more so because a trifle impertinent. The name of a book on the envelope draws your attention.

You open the flap and lo! there appears a contract, duly signed and sealed by and between James Brander Matthews, author, and Messrs. Doe and Roe, publishers. A letter may next

be found from the publishers acknowledging receipt of manuscript; then a friendly line of criticism in advance of publication from a personal acquaintance, say Andrew Lang; then a big bundle of hastily written pencil notes, a scrap of dialogue, a character sketch, a passing glimpse of one of nature's moods, maybe a jumble of words—"tramp — Union Square—night—morning—waked by twitter of birds—also policemen's club on boot soles;" next a parcel of newspaper clippings. You may be startled, but are scarcely bewildered, by the variety and incoherence of all this.

Every scrap of paper in that envelope is, or was once, a vitally necessary part of the book or subject named on the outside. Look at the scraps again, and it becomes apparent that most of them were thrust under cover months and even years before pen touched paper in the writing of the book itself. Let an idea, an impression, a face, a fact, a fancy, come swiftly within range, and let any one of these bear relationship to the essay, play, or story that Brander Matthews tells himself he will write one day, and swiftly it finds its way in some brief form to one of those labeled envelopes where already lie its congenial fellows. There

with the others it loiters forgotten and neglected until the time and tide of literary impulse shall reach and carry it with the others into activity and usefulness.

For one subject, and doubtless the one most constantly in his thought, the one which it is fair to prophesy, will some day be approached with his maturest effort, there is no envelope. Four hundred volumes relating to it rest in exclusive dignity and patrician dress in a cherished section of the bookshelves. When asked why, with all this evident favoritism there are no materials gathered and laid away for the promised work on Molière, Mr. Matthews replies that his subject is too great for actual work as yet. He must not so much as begin the preparation for original labor until the study of the great man, of all that influenced him, of all that he influenced, is fairly under way. This, from the college professor who has two courses of lectures on Molière, and (owning almost every edition of the French dramatist, and a great many books printed about him) was provocative of a question answered thus:

"No, not a greater subject than Shakespeare, but so easily contrasted with him as to make Molière of the greatest possible interest. For

instance, Shakespeare had no appreciable influence upon modern comedy, and never had, except, perhaps, with De Musset. Molière's influence on it, however, has always existed and will always be felt. 'Mrs. Tanqueray' is a modern instance."

Mr. Matthews's house on West End Avenue is delightfully situated and elegantly comfortable. There is, one would say, a characteristic arrangement of the interior for the purposes of living, showing harmony of tastes in the members of the family. The rooms set apart for the books and papers are not distinctively dissimilar from the others, except that they contain more books and papers. The two libraries might serve as drawing-rooms should occasion require. Living-rooms and parlors would be convenient and agreeable places in which to write. Of this home it cannot be said that its family and social life and its literary dens are things apart, or that the influence of one is greater or less than that of the other. Yet the guest of an evening will like to stay longest where the books are, for here are other treasures also.

It is a whim — and a pleasant one — of Mr. Matthews to have an occasional favorite book bound in a manner characteristic of its author

or suggestive of its contents. He has many such, and the labor of love shows considerable ingenuity and good taste. There is a collection of poems edited by Mr. Matthews in a copy of which he has had bound the original manuscript copy sent him by the writers, as well as autograph letters about the book in critical and complimentary vein. There are, besides, in this book marginal illustrations of the text by artists into whose hands the volume has come in its travels.

Next in number to the Molière books are to be counted Sheridan's works. There is, of course, a varied collection of volumes relating to dramatic criticism and the stage and the history and criticism of English literature. The purely theatrical side of tragedy and comedy in playwriting is a subject of the greatest possible interest to Mr. Matthews. In his Molière lecture courses he goes deeply into the dramatic side of his subject, the stage setting, and details of scenic presentation.

It is a matter of surprise that, equipped for the work by natural inclination and extensive study, he steadily refuses to be a critic of current drama. The reason lies in his membership in The Players. It was Mr. Booth's expressed

wish, at the inception of the club and at the Delmonico luncheon, where, to a score of friends he made known his intentions regarding his ultimate gifts, that no critic of the current stage be admitted to membership.

It appears that the constitution of The Players is mainly the expression of Mr. Booth's wishes. This, as much as any of its provisions, has been strictly adhered to. The wisdom of it is clear. One may criticise a picture, a book, or the text of a play freely, acrimoniously, and afterward dine with the author, the artist, or the playwright. Would the dinner reach dessert in comfort had the actor himself been the subject of criticism? "There is a difference," says Mr. Matthews. "It is one thing to talk about things a man creates; quite another thing to express an opinion of his own personality in what he creates." So The Players gains a consistent member and the public loses an enlightened critic.

The greater part of Mr. Matthews's literary work is done between ten and one o'clock of the day. His afternoons are filled by college duties, and he rarely writes in the evening. "I don't write much," he says; "perhaps a hundred thousand words in a year." Thrice fortu-

nate man. He seldom writes upon request, and never through necessity. He writes when and about what he pleases.

The house in West End Avenue has an "American basement." In one of the rooms stands a comfortably massive desk, ancient, and honorable in appearance and history. It belonged to the father of the author, and was for years used in his Wall Street office. Mr. Matthews writes often here and on the day of this visit there lay upon this desk of yesterday the type-set sheets of a new novel from Mr. Matthews's hands.

John Kendrick Bangs

In Yonkers, New York

BY MR. BANGS

Born in 1862 in Yonkers, N. Y.

Tiddleywink Tales. 1891.
Half Hours with Jimmieboy. 1893.
Coffee and Repartee. 1893.
The Water Ghost and Others. 1894.
Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. 1895.
The Idiot. 1895.
A Rebellious Heroine. 1896.
A House-Boat on the Styx. 1896.
Three Weeks in Politics. 1897.
The Pursuit of the House-Boat. 1898.
Ghosts I Have Met and Some Others. 1898.
The Booming of Acre Hill. 1900.
The Idiot at Home. 1901.

Mr. Bangs's Home.

XX

John Kendrick Bangs

In Yonkers, New York

A SPACIOUS, light, and roomy villa on a high bluff overlooking the Hudson River at Yonkers is the residence of John Kendrick Bangs, author, editor, and humorist. A short drive from the New York Central station lands one at the door of Mr. Bangs's home, which is one of a row of detached villas standing in large lots of ground. The house faces east and west, and on the west the ground slopes in terraces to the Hudson. From North Broadway on the east, or from Hudson Terrace, to which the land extends on the west, a magnificent view is obtained of the Palisades.

A broad carriage road and a stone footpath sweep in semicircles from the street to the house. In the grounds are set flower-beds, hedges, and numerous young trees. The latter do not afford much shade as yet, but Mr. Bangs whimsically observes that they will probably be of great benefit to his grandchildren.

As the visitor drives up, three fine lads, the eldest about thirteen, may be seen playing on

the lawn. Mr. Bangs, when he expects you, may open the door himself and will extend a hearty welcome.

The visitor may ask: "Are those three boys yours?"

"Yes," the author has been known to reply; "the three boys and the three kittens. The latter are D'Artagnan, Porthos, and Aramis."

"But where is Athos?" he was asked.

"Oh, he was one too many; so we gave him to the laundress."

On entering the house one is struck by its roominess and the general literary and artistic air that pervades it. The hall is large and square and decorated with water-colors and original drawings in pen and ink. The entire south end is devoted to Mr. Bangs's library, and in the west corner of this he writes books and magazine articles.

Three sides are lined with books and pictures, and the fourth, which overlooks the Hudson, opens upon a large porch, to which Mr. Bangs moves his desk in summer. Here, with the great river rolling beneath him, nothing to shut out the sky, and with a view of the full length of the Palisades before him, he pens his work. Though still young, he has written thirty books.

Of "The House Boat on the Styx" there have been more than 90,000 copies sold in this country and England, and of "Coffee and Repartee" more than 75,000.

His first book was "Roger Camerden," which he published anonymously. Among his latest are "Peeps at People," a series of sketches of travel; "The Idiot at Home," "The Dreamers," "Olympian Nights," and "With the Libretti." "Southern Humorists" is a volume he has in preparation.

Mr. Bangs at one time edited *Literature*, wrote the literary notes for *Harper's Magazine*, and had charge of the Editor's Drawer in the same periodical. He has also written poems and sketches for *Harper's Bazar*. Scores of magazine articles and verses, mostly of a humorous character, have come from his pen. He is now the editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

He says modestly that he inherits his taste for literature and his humor from his father, Francis N. Bangs, the lawyer, who was formerly President of the Bar Association. He began to write when seven years old. When about nine he sent a letter from the country to his father, beginning "Dear Papa" and then for the rest of the letter copied the Declaration of Indepen-

dence. At ten he read a fairy story called "Thumbling." He paraphrased it, changed the name to "Fingerling," and then sent it to an amateur paper of which his brother was the editor. For this he received such a lecture on the immorality of plagiarism that he says he has never forgotten it.

After graduation from Columbia he studied law in his father's office, but felt no inclination for its practice. He preferred to devote himself to a literary career, and in this field has become one of the most successful and popular of the younger authors. For some time he was associate editor of *Life*, but of late years has written almost entirely for the Harper publications.

Mr. Bangs's arrangement of his time is methodical. Monday and Tuesday he spends in Franklin Square. Wednesday and Thursday he remains at home and writes from 9 A.M. until noon. Friday and Saturday he devotes to various odds and ends of business and to exercise. He writes about 2,000 words for a morning's work. His literary notes for *Harper's Magazine* alone used to represent about 50,000 words a year.

How he manages to do so much work might surprise one who did not know his methodical

habits. In addition to his regular work he has given as many as forty lectures and readings during a year, not to mention many after-dinner speeches. He is also president of a large private school, Trustee of the Yonkers Public Library, and was formerly a member of the Board of Education in Yonkers. A few years ago he ran for Mayor of Yonkers, but, as he says, escaped the nuisance of holding office. His political experiences he gave to the world in the book called "Three Weeks in Politics." He keeps in his house a suspicious-looking brown jug bearing a Scotch label, and says it was his principal assistant during his political campaign.

Mr. Bangs is a picture of vigorous health. He is an enthusiastic golfer, playing at the Ardsley and St. Andrew's links. He is also a bicyclist, but the roads around Yonkers are so steep and hilly that he cannot do much wheeling in that neighborhood. He delights in walking, and recalls with delight several walks he had with Conan Doyle when he visited that writer, a few years ago at his home near Haslemere, thirty miles from London.

The library of Mr. Bangs includes the works of the standard modern authors and some of the ancient classics. History, fiction, poetry, and essays

are found side by side. One corner is devoted to folk-lore, myths, fairy tales, and legends, of which he is very fond; another is filled with the works of noted illustrators, including many first and rare editions of Cruikshank, Leech, H. K. Browne ("Phiz"), and others.

He seems to have every drawing that Cruikshank ever made, including several originals. One of the oddest pictures is a portrait of Cruikshank, drawn by himself on the back of an envelope bearing his own address. The heavy stroke of the letter C shows through the envelope and forms the huge Roman nose of the artist in the portrait. Another old picture was drawn by Cruikshank on the back of a proof-slip. The matter from which the proof was taken Mr. Bangs has discovered in one of the books in his collection.

Surrounding Mr. Bangs's desk are many works of reference, and directly in front of it is a telephone, with which he can communicate with his office in Franklin Square at any time. In another corner are presentation copies of books from Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle, and other authors. A complete set of Robert Grant's books, which Mr. Bangs won from Grant at golf, occupies a prominent position. Mr.

Bangs confesses, under the same conditions, that Judge Grant in turn has won a set of his books.

A handsome fireplace bears the inscription "Hic Habitat Felicitas" (Here Dwells Happiness). Over the mantel is a replica in plaster of horses from the Parthenon. On each side of this is a reproduction of the device of John Caxton, representing the Sage taking an apple from the serpent in the Garden of Eden.

"That is Hall Caine and the original Christian," said Mr. Bangs with a smile.

The other window represents the device of Simon Vostres, another famous printer.

At the east end of the room are two stained-glass windows, representing the evolution of a book. The first contains a lamp and a roll of manuscript, and the second a lamp and printed book.

"You see, the lamp is all ready to burn either the manuscript or the book," explained Mr. Bangs.

The walls of the library are covered with pictures. In one corner is an original drawing in colors, by Cruikshank, "Arthur O'Leary." In another is an original sketch by Leech of "Mr. and Mrs. Caudle." Opposite these is

a large original by Charles Dana Gibson, which Mr. Bangs considers one of his best works.

Across the hall is a room containing a large book-case, in which are Mr. Bangs's choicest literary treasures. Among these are the original first editions of "Pickwick Papers," "Vanity Fair," and "The Newcombs," in monthly parts. They are all in fine condition, and are kept in stout cardboard and leather cases. "Pickwick" has the original green paper covers, which varied considerably in tint as the work was published. Thackeray's works are in yellow paper. A fine edition of Maxwell's "History of the Irish Rebellion of 1798," with extra illustrations, is in this case. Mr. Bangs purchased it in London for just one-half what a New York dealer asked him for the same work.

On the terrace west of the house is a tennis-court, and beyond this a vegetable garden.

"Do you ever work in your garden?" he was asked.

"Oh, no," was the reply; "for one reason I have no time, and for another I have no agricultural talent."

A rather odd feature of Mr. Bangs's suburban

life is that he has no distinct name for his home.

"I was reading a book called 'Windyhaugh' last week," he said, "and thought it would be a good name for our place, as the wind blows very lively up here sometimes; but we are set upon a hill and the haugh part would hardly be appropriate. The names of most suburban homes are, as a rule, either commonplace or affected, and I want something appropriate and original. A friend has suggested 'Copymere,' but this might be considered too technical."

As the visitor rose to take leave, Mr. Bangs offered to walk through Glenwood, a part of Yonkers, and point out various objects of interest. It was a glorious spring day, and a dogwood tree was just bursting into bloom. Maples and willows were a vivid green, and the buds on the horse-chestnuts displayed feathery plumes.

Down the street not far from Mr. Bangs's house, he pointed out the large school of which he is president. Across the way, on top of a high hill, skilfully terraced, is the former residence of the late William Allen Butler, the venerable lawyer and author of "Nothing to Wear." Near this is a handsome church, in which Mr.

Bangs gave his first public reading from his works.

The station was now soon reached, and after a hearty handshake, the visitor was soon whirling back to New York, while the author returned to his home.

Henry Mills Alden

In Metuchen, N. J.

BY MR. ALDEN

Born in 1836, near Danby, Vt.

The Structure of Paganism. 1864.
God in His World. 1890.
A Study of Death. 1895.

XXI

Henry Mills Alden

In Metuchen, N. J.

THERE is no one in America in whom the literature-loving world might take a more excusable personal interest than Henry M. Alden, who has been for more than thirty years editor of the oldest, and still one of the foremost, of the monthly magazines —*Harper's*. He is also the author of two books of great beauty, power, and imagination— "God in His World" and "A Study of Death." Yet, when one sits down to describe him "at home" the task seems by no means easy, because Mr. Alden at home is not conspicuous among other gentlemen of scholarly tastes and in comfortable circumstances.

When, some thirty-five years ago, he came to New York, and, after a period of teaching and newspaper editorial work, began his services with the Harpers, he and Mrs. Alden looked about for a suburban residence, and hit upon Metuchen, N. J., largely by the accident of having visited acquaintances there. This rural village, twenty-six miles southwest of New

York on the Pennsylvania Railroad, still remains his home, although Mrs. Alden has since died. Her daughters were afterward mistresses of the house. Recently Mr. Alden has married again.

The house is a large, low rambling structure, which has grown with the family. An addition has been made here, an extension there, and a queer inclosure of a porch in another place. Should one of those restless guests who occasionally trouble us all through a desire to rise and wander about the house before the rest of the inmates are up, ever indulge his propensities in this house, he will probably get lost. But if he can make his way to the parlor he will find space enough to satisfy him. It is an immense room with long French windows dropping to the floor. A big, hospitable fireplace is there. A thoroughly comfortable and homelike air pervades every one of its nooks and corners, which are adorned with pretty artistic things and overflowing with books and periodicals.

But the literary pilgrim will take a keener interest in Mr. Alden's own library or study. It opens out of the parlor and is the place where this author does his work; and this editor too, sometimes, for many an anxious contributor whose manuscript has gone so far as to be set

aside for a second reading—and that happens only when there is hope for it—has met his happy fate, so to speak, under the shaded lamp of the big study-table in this big room. Mr. Alden's fondness for spaciousness at home is perhaps due to the excessively restricted office quarters he has always occupied in New York—one of the smallest editorial rooms in the world.

Portraits of American men of letters are the principal adornments of the library. Born on a farm in Vermont, from a stock descended from John Alden of the Mayflower, whose romance Longfellow utilized so gracefully, turning naturally to Williams College, whose second president was his mother's uncle (Zephaniah Moore) and being graduated there in 1857, Mr. Alden found himself with so strong an inclination toward the classics that he immediately went to Andover to continue his studies, because Andover then had the best library of Greek literature in the country.

These pleasant days of poring over the old masters in the ancient town developed in his mind two papers on the Eleusinian mysteries, which he carried to the *Atlantic Monthly*, then in charge of James Russell Lowell, whose acceptance of them encouraged him to submit

other papers further developing the theme. These additional papers fell into the hands of Mr. James T. Field.

Though the need of earning a living made Mr. Alden a teacher or editor in various capacities before he finally was settled at the desk of *Harper's Monthly* in 1869, he has always been at heart and at home a scholar, and it is undoubtedly a great loss to classical scholarship that he needed or chose to become so much a man of affairs. None in the long course of grandly instructive lectures delivered winter after winter before the Lowell Institute of Boston has exceeded in richness of learning and enlightenment Mr. Alden's course of 1863–64 on "The Structure of Paganism."

The books in Mr. Alden's library illustrate this bent in his mind. They are not very numerous, filling a few low book-cases, but they form a company singularly select. There are handsome complete sets of most of the standard authors, as might be expected, and many miscellaneous books of merit, but the honors of the shelves belong to noble editions of the ancient classics and of the masters of philosophy and belles-lettres. It is the loving collection of a man of letters and a scholar, who, having the

product of the presses of the world flowing daily past his elbow, has taken here and there only what seemed to him precious.

Out of such studies and meditations and in this quiet place ripened the exquisite chapters of "God in His World," published in 1890, and later, under the shadow of a great sorrow, the subtle and beautiful consolation to be read in his "Study of Death," published in 1895. A house where two such books were penned would have a claim on our reverence sufficient in itself.

Each morning for five days of each week Mr. Alden breakfasts early enough to drive to the station and take a train that will land him in New York by nine o'clock. Then comes unremitting work until four in the afternoon, when he goes back, and if the weather is good takes a drive until dinner-time.

It is in his public editorial room in Franklin Square that one feels more at liberty to speak of the man and his ways than at the domestic hearth in Metuchen. Upon the second floor of the Harpers' great iron building, where the roar of presses trembles unceasingly in the ear at one end and the clangor of endless passing trains on the elevated railway jars upon it at the other,

is lodged the editorial force of the great publishers. To reach it you must climb up a corkscrew-like staircase in a tower and cross a little iron bridge. Then you enter a long room whose walls are completely covered with reference books. At one of the front corners, which has remained unchanged during all the various rearrangements of other things, is the *sanctum sanctorum* of *The Magazine*.

It is nothing but a box, smaller than any of the hall bed-rooms in which so many a struggling young enthusiast has toiled for admission to its doorless portal, as if it were the temple of fame, piled high with no one but its owner knows what—an old desk strewn with letters and proofs; a little nook of shelves heaped with odds and ends of books and papers; one chair in a tight corner by the door, where a single visitor may sit down and only space enough besides for the editor himself and his belongings. Anyone can see at a glance that there is no room here for idlers, and the clever way in which a visitor who has stayed a moment too long is literally crowded out, without knowing or feeling it, is something worth seeing. Yet the door is always open, and no editor in the city is more accessible or more kind.

Into this bare and dusty little corner closet come from sixteen to eighteen thousand manuscripts a year, offered for publication in the Magazine or in book form, for Mr. Alden is one of the literary advisers of the house. Of these it would be physically impossible to use more than 200 or so, were the whole space of the annual volume given to them; but serial stories and prearranged articles (as the majority now are) and the need of meeting the ever-shifting current of public events and opinions by promptly treating what are called "timely" topics reduce the margin left for casual contributions to very narrow dimensions indeed, so that it is wonderful that any room remains at all. This has been said over and over, yet the stream of receipts increases as the country grows and learning spreads.

Nevertheless, Mr. Alden looks at every one of these hopeful manuscripts. The title, the bulk, or some other outside feature will prohibit from publication a great many without regard to contents, and a very brief examination shows the unfitness for his purpose of a great majority of the remainder, most of which go back to their writers on the day following their receipt; but now and then there is one that looks promising,

and this is laid aside until some day when it gets a thorough reading—very likely at home under the evening lamp—and then the writer hears from it by a check from Harper & Bros., or by one of Mr. Alden's kindly notes.

Ernest Seton-Thompson

In Bryant Park, N. Y.

BY MR. SETON-THOMPSON

Born in 1860 in Shields, England.

Wild Animals I Have Known. 1898.
The Trail of the Sand Hill Stag. 1899.
The Biography of a Grizzly. 1900.
The Lives of the Hunted. 1901.

Ernest Seton-Thompson in his Studio.

XXII

Ernest Seton-Thompson

In Bryant Park, N. Y.

MR. ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON, when asked for an interview, replied appointing a meeting with Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton. They are one and the same person. The author of "Wild Animals I Have Known" has written extensively under both names, and his one thousand or more illustrations for the Century Dictionary bear the initials E. E. T. S.—Ernest E. T. Seton, which was the name given to him in baptism. This event occurred nearly forty-one years ago in the north of England.

New York has been said to be a city of specimens, and certainly the seeker after pictorial specimens of animals would do well to visit the apartment of Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson in the new studio building on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Fortieth Street. From below come the roar of the city and the roll of the elevated cars, but deadened by the distance into a gentle reminder of the law of universal labor. Of such reminder, however, Seton-Thomp-

son, I imagine, stands less in need than most men.

Everything in the studio suggests the presence of a busy man, and, indeed, most of the objects that meet the eye are the result or record of his industry; the drawings and paintings of animals on the walls, the carefully arranged and classified volumes of photographs of wild animals that he and others have met, and the sketches on the easel for his new book, "The Lives of the Hunted."

The room is an ideal workshop for writer and artist. Half the generous width of the north wall is taken up by a large window filling the space from floor to ceiling, and looking out over Bryant Park, while two other windows on the Sixth Avenue side give access to the last rays of the sinking sun. Beneath one of these casements, screened off from the rest of the room, is a nook inviting to literary *laissez-faire*.

The most exact reflex of the man is seen in a row of journals that fill one shelf. Wherever he went in the West, he carried one of these leather-clad books, and noted in it whatever was of interest to him as a naturalist. The notes, though brief, are scrupulously exact, were all made at the time, usually with the object before

him. Sketches adorn the pages wherever a sketch could make more clear the meaning, or a drawing in color when color was essential, or to a scale when proportion was of chief interest. For twenty years these journals have been carefully kept, and whether the object was a peculiar cloud in the sunset sky, the track of a sparrow in the mud, the chirp of a lark, the scale a thrush sings, the color of a vireo's eye, the duration of a shore-lark's song, the shape of a flock of birds, the number of entrances to a gopher's hole, the length of a deer's bound, or the date when first the poplar catkins showed—all were noted with a view to one thing only, the exact truth.

Twenty thick volumes of such observations would be a fair-sized reservoir even if each year did not continue to produce another, and no one who realizes this will doubt that this author's animal stories are crammed with facts—not by luck or inspiration, but because each one represents months or years of hard work in the study and in the field.

Near Mr. Seton-Thompson's easel, where stands the guardian spirit of the place, a stuffed peacock, is a little table at which his wife, who is known independently as a clever writer, especially as the author of "A Woman Tender-

foot," published in 1900, and in its way a unique volume, was busy on the occasion of my visit with the "make-up" of his forthcoming book. I am under obligations to Mrs. Seton-Thompson, or, to use the name belonging to her in private life, to Mrs. Seton, for her aid in inducing her husband to talk. Under normal circumstances I have seen him delightfully, naturally loquacious, but unfortunately the consciousness of the fact that he is talking for publication seems to have a dampening effect upon his conversational powers. "Interviews," he said wearily, in reply to a question as to his opinion of this legalized method of invasion of a writer's privacy, "are a necessary evil."

The author of the "Sand Hill Stag," which book is by the way a chapter of autobiography, is, I suppose, as well known, physically, to the public as any writer of these times. Indeed, it is probable that Kipling alone as often enjoys the pleasure of gazing upon his own counterfeit presentment in magazines and newspapers. It seems, therefore, like an act of supererogation to describe again his dark, intractable looks, his well-knit, lithe figure, his piercing brown eyes, and strong, nervous hands. He strikes one essentially as a man of action, the child of

the fields and woods and streams, not of cities and studios and pink teas.

"I once met a judge of character travelling in the West," he said; "a man who prided himself on his knowledge of human nature and his ability to size up people at a glance. 'You are now a school-teacher,' he announced emphatically, after we had been talking together a short while, 'and it is, moreover, doubtless your intention to study for the ministry.'" Certainly I should never have made so egregious a mistake in regard to Mr. Seton-Thompson, although perhaps unable to state his calling positively. This inability, however, would be excusable even in the case of a professed student of human nature, as the author of 'Wild Animals' has played many rôles in the course of his forty years of struggle and prosperity—artist, writer, hunter, day-laborer, guide, lithographer, and scientist, to mention only those of which he spoke.

The apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Seton would be described by real estate agents as containing all the modern conveniences, yet despite these unpicturesque appurtenances of civilization, there is an intangible something in the dwelling that carries one in spirit to the wide stretches of the

West, to the uninvaded domain of the wolf and eagle and mountain lion.

In the pleasant little library in the rear of the dwelling, separated from the studio by the mysteries of kitchen and bedroom, hangs an ancient triangular cabinet, an heirloom in the Seton family, and beneath it is suspended an eight-pronged relic, dating from the time of the Maccabees and dedicated to the use of the high priests, but which to modern eyes suggests the terrible weapon of Rider Haggard's "Umslopagus." In dwarf book-cases around the walls stand a tempting array of classics, and from the secrecy of an unsuspected drawer Mrs. Seton extracted a collection of ancient ivory and wooden carved figures that had originally come from India and China. "Just a frill," said Mrs. Seton, as she fingered them lovingly. "I keep them tucked away here, because it is nice to feel that one has a reserve, whether it be in work or play."

Upon being shown into the studio I found this man, despite the enervating heat, hard at work upon marginal illustrations for his new book, and during the course of our conversation he kept stealing regretful glances at his drawing-pad, as though longing to get back to his bears

and wolves and rabbits. On the easel near at hand stood a wash-drawing of the "Kootenay Ram," at the moment when, on the narrow precipice ledge, he awaits, with one foot raised, the onslaught of his pitiless enemies, the wolves, thus gallantly gaining time for the ewes of his following to flee to a place of safety. In the opposite corner of the room lies a magnificent mounted specimen of the head of the Bighorn, almost as fine, indeed, as that depicted in the drawing. The horns alone, according to the owner, weigh twenty-five pounds. Picking up the sheet of paper on which he had been working, the author-artist showed me several bear figures which he had nearly completed.

"People have an idea," he said, "that I just throw off, as it were, these marginal drawings, doing a number of them in a morning. As a matter of fact, I work just as hard over them as over any other part of my books. One of them may cost me several days' labor, and then in the end I may be dissatisfied with it and start all over again. Even this bone in the corner of the drawing requires careful study before it is absolutely correct."

"Do you think it so necessary for a writer after he has made his reputation," I asked, "to

continue to put such conscientious labor on his books? Look at some of the popular writers of the day; in the beginning they did really good work, whereas later books show lack of artistic conscience. Yet everything they write, sells, and they make plenty of money."

"I have never read the books you refer to," my host replied, "but nevertheless I think no one can afford not to do his very best work. Even Kipling could not make the public buy poor stuff, although, to be sure, he could sell to the publishers whatever he wrote. If I showed you my order-book yonder you would see that I have on hand more work than I can do in several years. Indeed, I am forced constantly to refuse the offers of editors simply from physical inability to get the work done. Yet in the drawer behind you is a pile of manuscript that has never been published, and that I could work off on them if I chose to do so. But I won't do it, for the simple reason that it is work with which I am not satisfied myself. In some cases I have burned such manuscripts, but generally I keep them, in the hope of finding out some day what is wrong with them."

"The temptation, however, to sell them," I said, "must be very strong. It would be a very

pleasant feeling, I should think, to have an order-book of that kind in one's desk."

"Yes, but the only chance of keeping such an order-book is always to do one's best. What an awful sensation to see something in print over one's own signature and then to ask one's self, 'Did I ever really write that?' Although, of course, at best one is never satisfied.

"Oh, well, there isn't anything particularly interesting about my early struggles," said Mr. Seton-Thompson, in answer to a question bearing upon his fameless days; "I had my struggles and hardships like other people, and bore them in the ordinary way."

"Tolstoï says, you may remember, in 'Anna Karenina,'" I remarked, "that all happy marriages are happy in the same way, while all unhappy marriages are unhappy in their own particular manner. The same is true, I think, in regard to an individual's prosperity and necessitousness; the history of the latter is always interesting."

"Well, there isn't much to tell about my early struggles," said my host. "I always knew exactly what I wanted to do, even at ten years of age, and I never deviated from my intention, despite family opposition and other difficulties.

After returning to Canada from attending school in England, I spent several years in knocking about Manitoba, tramping through the province with the smallest possible outfit, and working regularly in the fields during the summer in order to earn enough money to live on. I would work in this way for a couple of months at $2.50 a day, and earn enough to keep me for six months. In 1883, I came on to New York without a cent, to try my luck, but after a few months I had enough of it and went back to the West, feeling as though I never wanted to see the place again.

"Two years later I returned, the Century Company being this time instrumental in bringing me East, as they wanted someone to make drawings for their Dictionary. They had written to the Smithsonian Institution, for which I had been doing work, asking them to suggest someone who could make the drawings artistically and yet scientifically correct. 'There is a fellow named Seton up in Manitoba who would probably answer,' was the reply; so on the strength of that they looked me up.

"'The Carberry Deer Hunt,' which was the original form of 'The Sand Hill Stag,' was my first published story, appearing in *Forest and*

Stream in 1886, although the first story that I ever wrote was 'The King Bird.' I wrote that in 1880, but it has never been published. It is over yonder in that box with the others, and some day I may be able to get it into satisfactory shape."

"When did you make your first big strike?"

"In 1898 with 'Wild Animals I Have Known.' I had already published 'The Art Anatomy of Animals' and 'Natural History of Manitoba,' but they are scientific, not popular, books. Up to that time I was not generally known, although 'Lobo' and some other stories had been very well received and noticed extensively. Still, in general, it is only by means of a book that one makes a lasting impression; the space at command of a magazine is too short to allow much room for any one individual, and nowadays people do not care for serials. The book is the thing."

"I suppose the success of 'Wild Animals' was unmistakable and immediate, was it not?"

"Not at all; it was gradual and normal. Besides, I have followed that up with a fresh volume every year, and have also made extensive lecturing tours throughout the country. I have just returned from a two-weeks' trip in Manito-

ba, of which you may perhaps know I am Provincial naturalist, during which I gathered much material; and as soon as mine enemies, the publishers, will let me get away, we are going to start out for a long outing in Colorado."

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